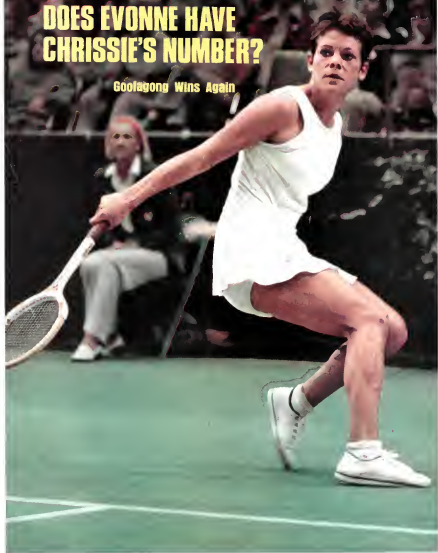


# Sports Illustrated

APRIL 26, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

## DOES EVONNE HAVE CHRISSIE'S NUMBER?

Goofagong Wins Again



# Pulsar; the small miracle made in



New...a flick of the wrist flashes the time when you wear either of the two Pulsars illustrated at lower left. Each in stainless steel case with matching bracelet, \$295. Upper left...beautifully accurate Pulsar for her, 14 kt. gold-filled case with matching bracelet, \$395. Right...sleek 14 kt. gold-filled men's dress model, \$395. Other Pulsars from \$285 to \$3950. All models shown actual size.

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\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\*

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sound system with Delco.**

**Delco  
Electronics**



Division of General Motors

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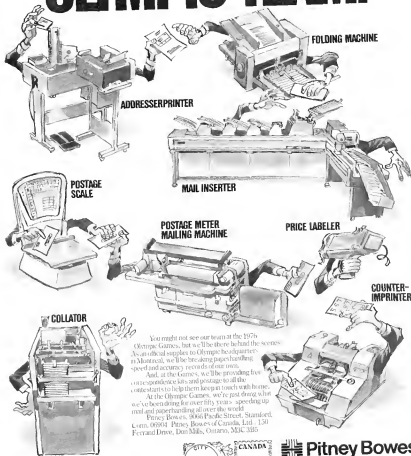
### Next Week

OFF AND RUNNING toward the Olympics in Montreal are top U.S. track and field prospects. A look at their early foot comes from performances at the Drake, Penn and Mt. Sac relays.

INTO THE STRETCH come the contenders for the Kentucky Derby. William Leggett identifies them and tells tales chiding and thrilling of past hopefuls, artist Bernard Fuchs portrays Derby Day

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# Shopwalk

by J. D. REED

## JUST THE PLACE FOR A GERMAN ROUND SNAFFLE WITH DROP-NOSED CAYESSON

Say you're in town from Kansas City and you remember that you've been meaning to pick up a German round snaffle bridle with a drop-nosed cayesson. So you head for H. Kauffman & Sons down on Manhattan's East 24th Street, with \$89.50 in your hand. That's what they're getting for drop-nosed cayessons these days. Kauffman's is a very stylish and nationally famous saddlery and it is surprising to find it in a dowdy neighborhood of loft buildings, parked trucks and counter joints. Now 100 years old, Kauffman's caters to a clientele spanning the Kennedys, the Roosevelts and horsemen and women from Brazil to Saudi Arabia.

Kauffman's is a dusty, dark, three-story converted turn-of-the-century building containing everything the horse owner, horse

lover or frustrated jockey could ever want, from curb chains to corner feeders, from pink hunt coats (\$295 off the rack) to hoof knives (\$3.95). A family business since 1875, Kauffman's is now in the hands of Bernie and his sons, Charles and Ronald, the fourth generation of Kauffmans in the business. Bernie, 70, suave and sporting in an English hacking jacket and a pencil-thin '30s mustache, can reflect on a life in the service of tack and saddles.

"Our business has always been steady," he says, "but recently, the fashion world has discovered riding apparel. I guess it's the kids with Levi's and Western clothes." One of the big sellers this year is a canvas and rubber Newmarket boot that an English stableboy would feel at home in, but it's become a hot fashion item in the glitzy set, and Kauffman's is selling them at \$27.95 and running out of stock.

Aside from having a saddlemaker-bootmaker and a tailor who can whip up a hunt coat to your measurements, Bernie Kauffman is a fashion designer in his own right. "Back in the '30s," he recalls, "we sold Western shirts to rodeo cowboys, as we still do today. One of them got injured when a halibut hole on his shirt got caught on a bull's

horn. So he came back and said he wanted a shirt without buttonholes. I went to a tailor in Philadelphia and we made the first cowboy shirt with snaps. We had to use glove snaps then, and it was difficult to make them work. Now they all have snaps."

Among the famous patrons of Kauffman's was Al Smith. Not much of a horseman, but a man with a penchant for fine headgear, Smith and Bernie Kauffman had an odd deal. Kauffman likes to tell about it over the noise of trucks in a traffic jam outside. "Al would come in and tell me, 'Bernie, the big hick governor of Utah is coming to town and he's going to present me with a ten-gallon Stetson. He'll expect me to give him my derby in return. These derbies cost too much so I want one of your old ones to wear that day.' We used to repair cork-lined derbies, so I'd give him an old one."

Kauffman has a letter from New York's current governor, Hugh Carey, congratulating the store on its 100th birthday and mentioning the fact that the governor's grandfather bought McClellan saddles in the shop. Carey's secretary had misspelled McClellan and the governor, in a handwritten correction, said it was sad no one knew how to spell it anymore.

END

THE CUTTY SARK BOTTLING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. COLLECTED FROM THE CUTTY SARK BOTTLING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. COLLECTED FROM THE CUTTY SARK BOTTLING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. COLLECTED FROM THE CUTTY SARK BOTTLING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



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In their race to supply drivers with the utmost in luxury, the luxury car makers of the world seem to have forgotten that eventually a car must be driven.

And in that eventuality, such things as opera windows, suspension systems and sluggish power plants are hardly conducive to a superior rapport between car and driver.

Perhaps because of our long involvement in international road racing, where the integration of man and machine is not an alien concept, we at the Bavarian Motor Works have a completely different approach to building luxury sedans.

An approach that includes the driver as one of the parts of the car itself—the part that completes the mechanical circuit.

As a result, when you drive a BMW for the first time you will experience a curious sensation of being part of the car itself.

A unique feeling of total control which, if you're accustomed to domestic luxury sedans, will be completely new to you.

## YOU DRIVE A BMW, IT DOES NOT DRIVE YOU

If you've ever had the suspicion, say, while rounding a particularly tight curve, that you were not the master of your machine, you will thoroughly appreciate the uncanny road holding capabilities of the BMW 530i.

Since road holding—driver control—is largely the function of a car's suspension system, it only follows that a



Motor racing necessitates the almost total integration of man and machine. BMW cars and motor cycles have won well over 100 major championships.

superior suspension system will give you better control.

And, to be a bit blunt, BMW gives you a superior suspension system.

Instead of the "solid-rear-axle" systems found in all domestic—and many foreign—sedans, the BMW

suspension system is fully independent on all four wheels.

And this, combined with a multi-jointed rear axle, puts a minimum amount of "un-sprung" weight on the wheels, and allows each wheel to adapt itself



Results of the Motor Trend 200 Ft. Circle Test illustrate the superior road holding abilities of the BMW. At 82 mph the BMW was still on the road, other makes were not independently to every driving and road condition.

So smoothly and so precisely that the editors of Motor Trend write, "The reaction to a BMW is always the same. The first time driver takes the wheel and

after a few miles no other automobile will ever be the same again."

## IN A BMW YOU'LL NEVER GO HUNGRY FOR POWER

When one is faced with the inevitable necessity of having to pass an eighteen-wheel truck, or accelerate out onto a high-speed expressway in a conventional luxury sedan, one begins to appreciate a basic BMW philosophy: "When all is said and done, extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money."

To the owner of a BMW, sluggish response need never be a concern.

Under the hood of the BMW 530i is the same basic engine that powers the BMW race cars that have dominated international racing for over a decade.

A 3-liter, fuel-injected masterpiece of engineering that the editors of Road & Track flatly call "...the most refined in-line six in the world."

## The technical explanation?

Patented, triple-hemispheric, swirl-action combustion chambers fan the fuel-air mixture, concentrating it around the spark in a remarkably complete, efficient manner. Developing extraordinary power from relatively small displacement.

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There are two aspects one must consider when attempting to judge how safe a car is.



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High speed passing acceleration borders on the brilliant. (The editors of Motor Trend magazine)



# MOTOR WORKS, THE DRIVER AS PART OF THE CAR, NOT AN ACCESSORY.

One is called passive safety and has to do with a car's ability to physically withstand an accident. The other is called active safety and has to do with a car's ability to react to an ominous situation.

It is doubtful that there is a car made that's stronger than a BMW. A steel safety cell that completely surrounds the passenger compartment—and computer-determined "crush zones" combine to minimize injury should an accident occur.

However, even more significant, the extraordinary performance and handling characteristics of a BMW provide the driver with the means and the split-second control necessary to help avoid an accident as well as survive one.



On a BMW 530i, you'll find no open windows to hamper vision. Driver visibility is over 84%.

## THE INTERIOR, ENGINEERED NOT DECORATED

Inside the BMW 530i, where conventional luxury sedans reach their

BMW 530i



Even the steering wheel is telescopically adjustable to compensate for variations in arm length.

Intelligent restraint? Yes.

Yet no less a connoisseur of opulent motorcars than the automotive writer for *Town & Country* magazine was quoted after having driven the BMW 530i as saying, "I came away with new parameters to measure other cars by."

For many serious drivers in all parts of the world, BMW has redefined the meaning of the word "luxury" to encompass more than a thin veneer of leather and chrome.

If you'd care to judge for yourself, we suggest you phone your BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive.



frivolous peak, the engineers at the Bavarian Motor Works have achieved what the editors of *Motor Trend* magazine describe as "...a study in ergonomic excellence."

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UNIROYAL

## ART TALK

by SUSAN KANE

DON'T THROW YOUR OLD TENNIS RACKET AWAY, IT MIGHT MAKE AN OBJET D'ART

New York's award-winning sculptor Sidney Simon is providing a useful service for several of his tennis-playing buddies: he is ridding their attics and closets of warped and discarded rackets. In his century-old fire-house-turned-studio at 95 Bedford Street in New York's Greenwich Village, Simon has shaped a collection entitled "Crazy Rackets," as a whimsical counterpoint to his serious work, large sculptures in wood, bronze or epoxy and iron miniatures.

"American artists take themselves too seriously," says Simon, whose work is on exhibit in the Metropolitan Museum, the American Embassy in Paris and at the Department of Defense. He teaches at the New School and the Art Students League. "Sometimes you have to let off steam," he says.

One day last summer Simon picked up a racket and saw it as more than an instrument with which to double-fault. He says of the dozen creations he has executed, "They're like gags. Some are good, some lousy and some personal."

One is called "The Poscher," a steel racket with a poached-egg tin strung in the center. Stan Smith's tennis elbow is commemorated in a racket whose handle has been sawed off and placed at a 40-degree angle to the head. Then there is Simon's "Original Folding Racket," which is held together by a latch and a hook—and perfectly unusable, like all the rest.

A mirror was inserted into the face of another racket to show the ideal partner for a truly egotistical player. Simon calls it "The Unique Singles Player," one who is oblivious to anyone else on the court. "Water Tennis" is depicted by a racket faced with leather straps and a tennis sneaker, an obvious cousin to the snowshoe.

"I'll always use throwaway rackets," Simon declares, indicating a cardboard box filled with the old and neglected waiting to be transformed into sculpture. He is toying with the idea of portraying a seeded tennis player by weaving plant seeds into the strings. He also hopes to produce a flaccid racket representing a weak-wristed bull's moment of contact with a hard-hat ball.

Although Crazy Rackets began as a pastime, Simon is considering exhibiting them. He is reluctant to put a price tag on these works, but guesses they will go for about \$500 each. Next time you are cleaning out the hall closet thank about Sidney Simon and your racket will take on new character. **END**

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Comprehensive in scope, the collection will commemorate the greatest moments of both the Summer and Winter Games, from the opening of the first modern Olympic Games at Athens in 1896 to the Olympic Games of 1976. It will include:

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- Sonja Henie's breathtaking performance in the Winter Olympics of 1928, at St. Moritz.
- The moment when "Babe" Didrikson broke the world record in the jav-



A booklet designed after each set accompanies each collection.

elin throw on the opening day of the Los Angeles Olympics of 1932.

- The drama of the 1936 Berlin Olympics as Jesse Owens won four gold medals.

- The amazing victory of Bob Mathias in the decathlon at the age of seventeen, in the 1948 London Olympics.

- The brilliant performance of Anton "Toni" Sailer in the 1956 Winter Olympics as he won gold medals in the downhill, slalom and giant slalom skiing events.

- The triumph of Al Oerter in the discus throw competition at Mexico City in 1968—his fourth consecutive Olympic gold medal in this event.

- The grace and charm of seventeen-year-old Olga Korbut, who won the hearts of the world in 1972 as she took three gold medals in gymnastics.

Together, the medals in this collection will form the most comprehensive and authoritative medallic history of the Olympic Games ever minted.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

## HOCKEY BRUTALITY

Amid the furor over repeated and increasingly savage hockey violence (page 22), some sane and insightful thoughts were offered in the *Montreal Star* by veteran hockey writer Red Fisher:

"They are playing a little boy's game and adults who have been properly forewarned are using their fists and sticks to hurt people. They are using the brutish tools of the mugger and the street gang in what should be no more than an excursion into show biz, and when the judiciary intervenes and threatens reprisals called for by the law, a lot of people who should know better cluck with astonishment and react angrily. . . .

"What in thunderation is going on here? How many times do these people have to be warned and charged before they realize there is no place in hockey for savagery? How many athletes must be hauled into court before they and others understand that the bludgeon is not what rules here? Where is it written that to inflict pain and injury is good and that the game belongs to the thug and the goon?

"This is my 22nd year of covering professional hockey and, despite the irritations and the burdens of too many late nights, it has been a love affair of long standing. . . . There is a beauty in its thud and thrack of body against body. There is breathtaking excitement in its speed and the thunder of its shooters. It is not a sport for the weak of heart and mind, but a Guy LaFleur and others with considerably less talent bring a majesty and grace to the arena. . . .

"Most of the hockey people I know share my love for the game, so why are a few being allowed to bring it down to the gutter level? Don't they realize what they have and what they're doing to it? Does a game have to die before tears are shed?"

## PLAY BUT NO PAY

With all this trouble in hockey, it's nice to deal with what is, by comparison, good news: the financial woes of the San Diego Mariners of the WHA.

Until the playoffs, the Mariners hadn't been paid since March 1, when the franchise went bust. In the interim, players on the road have subsisted on \$18 a day meal money and at home on their wits. Goalie Russ Gallow confessed things got so bad that he and his wife had to cut out buying cashews and potato chips and fill snack bowls with popcorn.

But Defenseman Joe Norris reached all-league depths by being forced to quaff draft beer instead of the more expensive bottled variety during the payless weeks. If the Mariners go on to win the league championship this year, management might have to pop for champagne—but served in paper cups?

## FAR OUT WAGER

Ruth Norman of El Cajon, Calif. is a 76-year-old widow with a lifetime of experiences to relate. Mainly she talks of her life on 32 other planets, her contact over the past 22 years with people on 59 celestial bodies and of her husband who "changed worlds" in 1971.

But before anyone could pat her on the back, suggest two aspirin and recommend she call back in the morning, Mrs. Norman bet \$6,000 that a UFO with alien folk aboard will land (or crash) into earth sometime this year. She made the wager with Ladbroke's, the London bookies who are used to exotic bets—and who, if they lose this one, say they will owe Mrs. Norman \$600,000.

Technically, the wager extends to March 1, 1977, but she says she knows the exact day the UFO will arrive in 1976 but won't disclose it "because I don't want to cause a panic." Mrs. Norman says she's not wealthy but that when she learned of Ladbroke's, it seemed foolish to pass up a sure thing. "Not one person I've talked to is dubious," she reports. Well, you'll pardon us, Mrs. Norman, if we are.

Anyway, a spokesman for Ladbroke's, Ron Pollard, confirmed that Mrs. Norman has been sending the betting money in international money orders at \$500 a

throw, and he says, "I hope she's not working on inside information." Do you have inside information, Mrs. Norman? "I certainly do."

## FIT PUNISHMENT

With more than 700 schools under NCAA jurisdiction and only a dozen or so currently on probation for athletic indiscretions, *Dallas Times Herald* writer Frank Luksa says this means 98% of the member schools are squeaky clean.

But before anybody could read any further because of laughing, Luksa wisely added, "Or, if you prefer, nimble enough not to be nabbed." Yes, most of us prefer that a lot.

Still, Luksa offers some interesting thoughts on recruiting violations and what to do about them. And it may be significant that the NCAA thought enough of his views to reprint the story in its own publication.

Luksa suggests that only guilty individuals should be punished, instead of entire teams, as now is the case, and that the untainted players and coaches should be permitted to appear on television, participate in postseason play, and act like honest folks do.

That said, Luksa takes a hard line. He says that guilty players should be ex-



pelled and be ineligible to play for any other NCAA school. Guilty coaches should be dismissed and also be ineligible to coach at another school for a certain number of years, depending on the severity of their transgressions.

But how about the alums, for whom the school fight song still engenders tears and whose wallets tend to open quick and often at the mere mention of an athletic slush fund? The innovative Luksa sighs, "Make them ineligible to attend booster club meetings."

continued

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## FOUL DEAL

George Steinbrenner, owner of the New York Yankees, intends to make refurbished Yankee Stadium (page 34) a nice place to visit, even if you wouldn't want to live there.

He promises that any usher who is the subject of two complaints of rudeness from fans will be summarily dismissed—which, considering the well-established reputation of New York ushers, could mean the Stadium will have no ushers at all by Memorial Day. Moreover, he has ordered the ball boys to throw all foul balls into the stands, despite a league rule and a fine against it. Says Steinbrenner, "If I can't afford a \$50 fine, I shouldn't be in the game."

O.K., George, but you should know that your own PR people are emphasizing that the ball boys *hand* the foul balls to the fans because *throwing* them could hurt someone. And then, of course, the fans you're trying so hard to please might sue you—for a lot more than \$50.

## FULL STOP

A few weeks ago the U.S. Golf Association announced it had adopted a new system of testing golf balls. Previously, the USGA had insisted only that balls be within certain standards of size, weight and velocity, as tested under laboratory conditions. But because new techniques in manufacture and design can produce balls that conform to these standards and yet travel distinctly farther on the course, the USGA has added a fourth, pragmatic condition. On an outdoor testing range the ball must not carry and roll more than 280 yards—plus a margin of tolerance of 5%, which brings the maximum distance allowed to slightly more than 300 yards.

This does not mean a maximum drive should never exceed 300 yards, or that every hacker can expect to find a golf ball that will regularly give him 280-yard drives. Jim Dent will continue to put them out there in the next county, and the duffer will still need a following wind and a hardpan fairway to reach 200. But 20 years from now, no matter how skillfully golf balls are manufactured then, the Dents and the Nicklaus will be hitting them about the same distances they do now, and the duffer will still be having trouble—unless his dream comes true and he learns to keep the left side firm.

In other words, says the USGA, golf

courses in existence today must not be allowed to become obsolete. Championship courses are generally much longer than they were 60 years ago when Harry Vardon, wearing knickers and playing a hickory shaft, was laying stymies on Jim Braid, but the USGA feels the time has come to call a stop. It wants today's courses to be "as valid, difficult and enjoyable" in future decades as they are right now. Thus the hold-down on the liveness of the ball.

Next, says the USGA, we'll get to woods and irons.

## FATHER AND SON

"I'm just going to have to wait and see how motivated I am to play," says J.K. McKay, son of Tampa Bay Buccaneer Coach John McKay. And for John, who drafted his son for the NFL expansion team, that's bad news. For motivation, read: money, money, money.

J.K., wide receiver turned assistant coach at Oregon State, insists he hasn't even talked with his father about playing, doesn't know when he will and seems unburdened about the whole deal. Why? "Well, I didn't have the best time in my life playing last year in the WFL."

John, who coached J.K. at Southern Cal, jokes there may be a good reason for his son to come to gaff: "He does owe me quite a bit of money." And J.K. brightens the old man's day with this: "Whenever we do talk, Dad will have some influence on me."

## BASEBALL AND PENNY ANTE

Peter Bavasi, general manager of the San Diego Padres, used to be a member of the retail clerks union and still carries his union card. Which he is quick to show to anyone who wants to see it and a lot who don't in order to indicate his roots.

Says Bavasi, "We've had the Ice Age, the Bronze Age and now the Union Age, and I think baseball players certainly have won the right to say to management, 'O.K., now we've got you by the short hairs.'" In another unmanagementlike statement, Bavasi says of major league baseball ownership, "We really can't plead inability to pay."

But Bavasi does regret the sometimes penny-ante things the players ask for. Like what? Like more meal money, he says, which currently is \$23 a day while on the road—and they get free clubhouse sandwiches and drinks. "Look, we all know that \$23 is more than enough to

cut well on for a day," says Bavasi. "If the players want more money, they should negotiate for it when we work on their individual contracts. But it shouldn't be disguised as meal money."

"Then there's an agreement that when first-class seats are not available on planes, we have to buy three coach seats for every two players, supposedly to give them added room. So what happens? The players all crowd together and play cards. They don't use those extra seats." And, Bavasi says, with plane tickets costing the Padres \$220,000 this year, eliminating the extra seat would save 6 to 7%—about the minimum salary (\$16,000) for one player.

What Bavasi says is logical, but logic seems to have little to do these days with who gets on first base in the ongoing labor dispute. And logic deserts Bavasi when he speaks his favorite piece to new players: "Remember, Padres spelled backwards is opportunity."

## SLOW LEARNERS

Larry Gottfried, the national tennis champ for boys 16 and under, left his home in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. recently to attend high school in San Antonio. The reason, he says, was to find stronger practice partners.

But he has found an added benefit, which some might not consider a ringing educational endorsement. "I can miss a month of school and only be a week behind," says Gottfried. "They don't go very fast in school in Texas because they don't talk very fast. In every sentence they say 'Y'all'."

## THEY SAID IT

• Richard Dunn, European heavyweight champ, who is scheduled to fight Muhammad Ali on May 25 and who has suffered nine losses, eight by knockout, in 42 bouts. "It doesn't look very good, does it?"

• Dr. Joyce Brothers, television psychologist, on the addition of her husband to televised sports: "If we did get a divorce, the only way he would know it is if they would announce it on *Wide World of Sports*."

• Tom Williams, Houston's black assistant GM, on the Oilers' top draft choice, Mike Barber, who is white: "He weighs 230 pounds, has great hands, runs the 40 in 4.5, does the high hurdles in 13.7 and high-jumps 6'6". Sounds like he was born the wrong color."

END

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## WEEK OF DISGRACE

If the sport had ever suffered a more damaging or disgraceful week, no one could recall it. The playoffs were in full swing, taut championship hockey was being played. Then suddenly the headlines began to shout "assault," "savagery," "hospital." The glare of the spotlight was once again on concussed brains, bloodied faces, court charges. There were stiff suspensions and heavy fines. In a word, violence was back in postseason form, on the ice and in the stands. The Canadian authorities who chose to haul four players into court were plainly telling hockey that if it could not keep order in its own house, the forces of criminal justice would not hesitate to intervene.

As it happened, three of the four arrested players were Philadelphia Flyers, members of the NHL team that had made intimidation fashionable. They were arraigned in Toronto on charges of assault and carrying "offensive weapons"—hockey sticks—during a brawl-smudged game Thursday night in Maple Leaf Gardens. Marc Tardif, the outstanding wing of the Quebec Nordiques and the top scorer of the World Hockey Association with 71 goals and 77 assists, was restricted to "the lightest activity" by his physician after suffering a severe concussion the previous Sunday in a game with the Calgary Cowboys. Tardif will be sidelined for the rest of the playoffs—and perhaps for life. Rick Jodzio, the Cowboy wing who knocked Tardif down and pummeled him even as the Quebecer lay unconscious, or close to it, from the impact of his head hitting the ice, must appear in a Quebec City court next month to defend himself on assault charges. He and the Cowboy coach and general manager, Joe Crozier, were suspended indefinitely at the insistence of the Nordiques, the latter for not keeping his players under control. Quebec Coach Jean-Guy Gendron was suspended for one game for loss of control, and WHA



Newspapers in two languages and two countries gave the brutality story conspicuous play.

vice-president Bud Poile resigned after the Nordiques demanded that he be dismissed. But at week's end Clarence Campbell, the NHL president, had taken no official action in the Philly-Toronto affair nor had he so much as uttered an official comment. The Flyers who were arrested were permitted to go on playing.

Because the aggressive brand of hockey practiced by the Flyers has won two Stanley Cups, because other teams have adopted similar tactics and because no word of sufficient strength has come down from above to restrain the bully boys, the sport has been asking for the trouble it is getting.

Just last year the Boston Bruins' Dave

Forbes was charged with assault in Minnesota after a fight in which the right eye of the North Stars' Henry Boucha was damaged. Forbes' trial ended in a hung jury and the charges were dropped. In June, Dan Maloney of the Red Wings is scheduled to go on trial in Toronto on a charge of assaulting the Maple Leafs' Brian Glennie, having allegedly slammed his head on the ice repeatedly, causing a severe concussion. Violence has become such a part of the sport that Forbes' lawyer was prepared to use "temporary insanity" as a defense, to argue that that state is a natural condition of players in a game.

Be that as it may, Thursday's Phil-



# ON THE ICE

Hooliganism erupted anew in hockey, a sport already under fire. Brawls in Toronto and Quebec caused one serious injury, four player arrests and wide indignation

by J. D. REED



Philadelphia-Toronto game displayed anything but the normal give-and-take of hockey. The Flyers led two games to none in the best-of-seven quarterfinal series. Soon they were getting the worst of it on the scoreboard, ultimately losing 5-4. The game more resembled hand-to-hand combat than championship hockey. It took 3½ hours to play—a debacle of high-sticking, elbowing, fist-fighting, tripping and cross-checking. No fewer than 42 penalties were meted out, an NHL playoff-record 28 to the Flyers. Referee Dave Newell resorted to pad and pencil to keep it all straight.

But Toronto had plenty of shame to share with Philadelphia. Believing that

they, too, needed more muscle this season to cope with the tough trend, the Leafs had acquired rookie Kurt Walker, 21, essentially to be an enforcer.

The ugliness began in the first period of the Leafs-Flyers game with Walker punching Flyer heavyweight Dave Schultz. Ironically, Walker was thrown out of the game not for fighting but for spitting at Schultz. Newell assessed a "gross misconduct" penalty. Fans began throwing coins and sailing popcorn boxes onto the ice, the players and Philly Coach Fred Shero.

Halfway through the second period the rink erupted anew. Flyer Don Saleski, a right wing of modest ability but handy

fists, was in the penalty box for hooking Jim McKenny. As he turned toward the Maple Leaf fans behind him, a nearby guard grabbed his stick but Saleski wrestled it away. At that point Flyer Defenseman Joe Watson and the rest of the Philly bench came across the ice to give Saleski any support he might need. As the players milled about, Watson swung his stick over the glass, striking Constable Art Malloy on the shoulder, narrowly missing his head. "That was a mistake," said Watson. "I was trying to hit the fan who was bugging Don."

The fun, one Donald Griffin, apparently did yell something at Saleski. In the penalty box was a bucket of ice cubes in which spare pucks were kept properly cold. Saleski threw a handful of cubes at the fan. Saleski later claimed that the fan then spit at him. But Griffin contends that he "picked up an ice cube and threw it back. It hit him [Saleski] in the back of the head and then they all came charging. There was no spitting."

At 17:29 of the second period Toronto's Berje Salming, an enormously talented Swedish-born defenseman who candidly says he can't fight and thinks fighting should be no part of hockey anyway, was pounced on by the Flyers' Mel Bridgman and severely beaten. Perhaps Salming's contempt for fighting as well as his excellent defensive play had enraged the Flyers. At one point three of them were belaboring him. He emerged with a bruised and bleeding face.

When the game finally came to an end, Toronto Attorney William McMurtry, who heads the Ontario commission to study violence in Canada's national pastime, was furious. "It was a sickening spectacle," he said. Within hours, his brother Roy, Ontario's attorney general, had charged Flyers Joe Watson and Mel Bridgman with assault, assaulting a police officer and possession of an offen-

*continued*

sive weapon—those hockey sticks. Sal-eski was charged with assault and carrying an offensive weapon. "I hate to think that it may be necessary to send a hockey player to jail before these people wake up to their responsibility," said Roy McMurtry. "Hockey has to be the only body contact sport in the world that allows fighting and in fact, in my view, actively encourages it."

The three players were taken to a Toronto police station, photographed, fingerprinted and formally charged. They were released on their own recognizance. If convicted, they face up to five years imprisonment. And more charges may be brought after game videotapes are studied. If the films show players were encouraged to fight by coaches and fans, the latter could also be charged before the affair is over.

The Attorney General wanted those videotapes quickly. The tapes of the

game for which Dan Maloney is to stand trial in the Brian Glennie case are not complete. "Parts of the Maloney tape have been erased. I don't know if it's deliberate," Roy McMurtry said.

For its part, the NHL was stonewalling. Fred Shero said, "I feel just as I would if my own children were charged. I believe that it's unwarranted. But there's two sides to every story. Our own lawyers will take this thing as far as it can go."

Attempting to explain Watson's actions, Shero said the defenseman was only after the fan. Asked by a sportswriter how that would benefit his team, Shero replied, "It's just part of the game. I can't explain it to you. You've never played."

Public "interest" in Saturday's Game 4 was so high that scalpers were getting as much as \$100 for a pair of \$15 tickets. If some fans wanted violence, they were

disappointed. Toronto won a good, clean 4-3 game.

The WHA's Quebec-Calgary brawl was the worst in that league's short history, making a very wise prophet of Bobby Hull, the Winnipeg superstar who had gone on a one-game strike last fall over what he considered senseless violence in hockey. After teammate Perry Miller was temporarily blinded in a high-sticking incident, Hull said, "The high stick, the spear, that's not part of hockey. It's got to stop."

Stop it did not. The setting for the WHA's share of last week's carnage was The Coliseum in Quebec City during the second game of the quarterfinal round of the playoffs. Calgary had won the opener. That had been a clean-checking game, surprising fans and officials alike; both teams had a roughneck reputation. Calgary Coach Joe Crozier was employing Jodzio, a journeyman wing with muscles, to blanket Tardif. Early in the first period Tardif's bruising teammate, Gordie Gallant, fought with Jodzio to serve warning that Tardif must not be roughed up. Gallant said, "I was just trying to advise him not to bother Marc anymore." After a two-minute stretch in the penalty box, Jodzio returned to his bench. Then suddenly he was on the ice again, skating some 80 feet to reach Tardif, who was taking a pass to the left of his goal. Jodzio hit Tardif full force with a body check. Other Nordiques and many fans contend that Jodzio cross-checked the Quebecer, but Referee Steve Dowling included no such statement in his official report.

Tardif went down and probably out. Jodzio was on top of him, swinging with both fists. Both benches emptied in a wild, hard-punching melee. Some 20 local policemen came onto the ice but did little or nothing to stop the dozen or more fistfights that kept the arena in an uproar for half an hour. During the battle, Tardif was taken off the ice on a stretcher and to the hospital, now unconscious beyond any doubt. "On the ambulance ride, I thought I was going to be a young widow," said Tardif's wife Pauline.

The Cowboys went on to win the game 8-4, but the off-ice battle was barely under way. Nordiques President John Ducey announced that his team would pull out of the series altogether unless three demands were met immediately: that Jodzio be banned from hockey for life; that Coach Crozier be suspended



Philadelphia's Mel Bridgman (16) battles Toronto's Selming in the main event of a melee

for the rest of the playoffs; and that Poile, who was the league observer at the game, resign or be fired forthwith. Wednesday morning Dacres backed up his challenge. He flew with his team to Winnipeg, the home city of WHA chief executive officer Ben Haskin, former owner of the Winnipeg Jets. Dacres kept the plane and the team standing by during his meeting with Haskin, ostensibly prepared to fly back to Quebec if the league did not capitulate to his demands. He also was hanging on to \$75,000 in gate receipts, which he did not intend to share with the WHA if things didn't go his way. Dacres emerged a winner. Poile handed in his resignation. There were the suspensions of Jodzio and Crozier, the latter's subject to review after the playoffs. And some additional hard lines were taken by the league: both teams were fined \$25,000 (there is widespread skepticism that the fines will ever be paid); Gordie Gallant was suspended for the series and Cowboy Captain Danny Lawson was suspended for one game, both for fighting after being sent to the penalty box.

Sud Dacres, "We pay some of our players up to \$225,000 a year. We're not going to have them chopped down by some stick-swinging maniac who earns \$15,000." Many in Calgary believe Haskin bought a Nordique bluff. Said Calgary director Joe Kryczka, "Haskin's kangaroo court destroyed the credibility of the WHA."

But Haskin was firm. "If I hadn't been iron-fisted, the league wouldn't have died, but we would have lost considerable credibility."

Meantime, Jodzio has been charged with assault with intent to maim and must appear in court in May.

The executive director of the NHL's Players Association, Alan Eagleson, warned team owners that unless they take steps to control violence, players will demand a major adjustment in the rules governing roughness. Speaking in Uniondale, N.Y. Saturday night, Eagleson said, "If the owners do not do something, the players will." Eagleson said the matter has been placed on the agenda for the Players Association meeting in Bermuda in June.

While the charges and countercharges flew, what of the victims? Said Marc Tardif from his hospital bed, "I had to keep my eye on Jodzio all the time. He really tried to get me before, but I didn't care.

I just looked down at the puck for one second and he got me. Now, I'm just thinking of my family. I hope to be back in good shape."

Said Borje Salming: "I usually keep my patience, but this was too much. I grew up playing hockey in Sweden where fighting is discouraged. I knew what it would be like when I came over here three years ago. The Canadian boys, they fight all the time when they are 11 or 12 years old. To them it is just part of the game."

"I knew they would want to fight me. I made up my mind I would not try to let it bother me. I cannot fight; I look like a fool when I try. But against the Flyers I have to stand up. What the hell, I get a couple of bruises on my face . . . they will go away in a couple of days, I have had worse."

Toronto's Scott Garland, who was cross-checked from behind in the game

by Flyer Moose DuPont, said, "I can't see where a game like this will do hockey much good. This looked like the damned Roller Derby with a fight every two or three minutes. I thought playoff hockey was supposed to represent the best of our game, not the worst it has to offer."

As for coaches, a dejected but far from contrite Joe Crozier said, "In the NHL I might have only received a fine."

What Fred Shero said after Thursday's game was all the more chilling: "Of the 17,000 people in this place, I bet 1,000 of them aren't all there. They let their emotions get to them. They spit on players, curse at them, throw things at them. Some night a guy is going to come in here with a loaded gun." Unless and until the NHL and the WHA really crack down on the hooligans, hockey's grimmest week could be but the forerunner of something even worse.

END



Flyers Saltski, Bridgman and Watson, with Attorney Austin Cooper, head for arraignment.



## FAST RIDE ON THE PUERTO RICAN ROLLS-ROYCE

*Bold Forbes accelerated smoothly to win the Wood and free-wheeling praise from Jockey Angel Cordero, who calls the high-powered colt a good Derby bet*

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

**T**he Wood Memorial had been over for nearly an hour when Angel Cordero Jr. dragged a chair in front of the two television sets that are always on in the recreation room adjoining the jockeys' quarters at New York's Aqueduct racetrack. Cordero sat with a towel draped over his lap watching on one screen a rerun of the final race on the day's card and on the other a tape of himself being interviewed after winning the Wood with Bold Forbes. And as he watched, the ebullient Cordero shouted and waved his arms and talked of a horse few others could possibly remember.

"June 12, 1960," he said. "El Comandante Racetrack in San Juan. The name of the horse was Chino and he was the first mount I ever had in a real race. I had worked for two years as an exercise boy for E. Rodriguez Tizol because my father had ridden for him before me. Mr. Rodriguez put me up on Chino and I finished fourth. Three days later I won a race for him. It has been years and years since I rode for him, so long that I do not remember the last time. Now I am riding Bold Forbes for Mr. Rodriguez and going to the Kentucky Derby on the best 3-year-old I have ever ridden. Derby Day I will rent a limousine and go to Churchill Downs in style. When I get there, I know exactly what I will be riding: the Puerto Rican Rolls-Royce."

By winning the \$112,600 Wood, Bold Forbes established his ability to go a distance, and gave his fans further reason to believe that Honest Pleasure (page 44) is not the only colt in the Derby. Bold Forbes beat a field of six in handsome fashion and broke the stakes record held jointly by his grandsire, Bold Ruler, and last year's Derby winner, Foolish Pleasure. The Tizol colt ran the 1 1/4-miles in 1:47 3/4, lowering the record by 1 3/4 seconds, and won by 4 3/4 lengths. In the 1957 Wood, Bold Ruler scored by a neck (over Gallant Man) and Foolish Pleasure won his Wood by just a head (Bombay Duck was second).

Bold Forbes is not a horse that suddenly walked out of Barn 47 on Belmont Park's backstretch into the limelight. But he had faded into the shadows last August just when he appeared to be the swiftest 2-year-old in the nation. At a time when Honest Pleasure was just beginning to win, Bold Forbes had already put seven straight purses in his saddlebags. Other 2-year-olds have won their first seven starts and gone on to obscurity, but Bold Forbes was winning these starts by an average of nine lengths.

Perhaps the most interesting of Bold Forbes' races before the Wood was his very first in the spring of 1975 at El Comandante. He had been bought as a yearling at a Kentucky auction by Tizol for



a modest \$15,200 and sent to Puerto Rico. So little was thought of Bold Forbes that he paid \$72 while winning that first race by 17 lengths.

After five victories in Puerto Rico, Bold Forbes was shipped to New York, where he took the \$25,000 Tremont at Belmont in July by five lengths. He was then shipped to Saratoga for the \$25,000 Special and \$75,000 Hopeful, two races that are used to measure the prospects of colts. Bold Forbes won the Special by eight lengths, but he bucked his shins and had to be taken out of training. Bucked shins are as common as colds among 2-year-olds, and Trainer Laz Barrera was philosophical about Bold Forbes' problem. "It is not the end of the world," he said. "It could even turn out to be a blessing." The horse had proved enough and would mature as he rested. He had five months off.

On the final day of 1975 Bold Forbes returned to competition at Santa Anita and finished third. He also lost two subsequent Santa Anita outings, failing to impress Californians until late February, when he won the mile San Jacinto by three lengths.

"He had some excuses in California," Barrera said last week. "He was late getting to Santa Anita because of an airplane strike, and I might have rushed him too much after getting him there. He also didn't like the track."

But Bold Forbes had another problem that was driving Barrera daffy. The 3-year-old inherited Bold Ruler's zazziness, as have others of the great sire's descendants. Bold Ruler was strong-willed and he tended to ease up if there was nothing menacing him; Bold Forbes does the same. Recently, Barrera cut two football-shaped holes in the colt's blinkers so that

he could see other horses threatening to sweep past him. Barrera also had Cordero come to the racetrack every morning for three weeks to gallop Bold Forbes great distances in the hope that the front-running colt would take to rating. (Barrera's problem with Bold Forbes is similar to the one Trainer LeRoy Jolley faces with his grandson of Bold Ruler, Honest Pleasure.) "It worked fine," Cordero says, "but there were days when he was exercising me instead of me exercising him."

Not long before the Wood, Eddie Arcaro, who was Bold Ruler's regular jockey, discussed Bold Forbes with Cordero, telling him some of the problems encountered while trying to discipline Bold Ruler. After the Wood, Arcaro said, "Bold Forbes runs just like Bold Ruler did. You couldn't rate Bold Ruler. Today Bold Forbes went wide on the first turn, but as soon as Cordero gave him his head he relaxed and took over easily. If a horse refuses to be rated, there is only one thing to do, let him loose and hope he can last."

Barrera is a handsome Cuban who sold a horse named San Francisco to get the fare to leave Havana in 1944. Subsequently, he brought his eight brothers and three sisters to the U.S., and virtually all of them work at the racetrack. Barrera is a sentimental, romantic man who resembles the actors who wooed but never won Carmen Miranda in the movies. Many of Barrera's owners are Latin, and in recent years he has reversed the trend in racing by bringing horses to the U.S. from Puerto Rico instead of sending them there to race.

After the Wood, Barrera said he would ship Bold Forbes to Kentucky for the Derby. "I don't know if I can beat Honest Pleasure or not," he said. "We will be about 5 to 1, the second choice. But at 5 to 1 I've got to like my chances. Angel didn't stop with Bold Forbes at the end of the Wood. His instructions were to work him out the mile-and-one-quarter Derby distance. I timed him in 2:03." A mile and one quarter in 2:03 would have won three of the last six Derbies.

"Maybe Honest Pleasure will not be the favorite in the Derby," Cordero said. "You know Bold Forbes could be the favorite at Louisville if enough Puerto Ricans show up."

END



# A NET GAIN FOR CONCENTRATION

*Crediting a blissful marriage, Evonne Goolagong has abandoned her infamous 'walkabouts' in favor of knocking about former nemesis Chris Evert, who once again bit the Sportez in a rouser of a match* **by JOE JARES**

*Evert played tensely in Los Angeles, but Goolagong hit a few too many winners.*

**W**ith Billie Jean King and Margaret Court both in semi-retirement, Evonne Goolagong and Chris Evert are easily the two best women tennis players in the world. During the last few years they had met 26 times, with Evert holding a six-match edge. But last week Goolagong went into the Virginia Slims Championship in Los Angeles with 15

straight match wins, one of them over Evert earlier this month in Philadelphia. Now, as they faced each other across the net, the question to be settled was, who is really No. 1?

## MONDAY

Never mind that among the flags hanging from the rafters of the Los Angeles Sports Arena there was one from Austria but none from Australia, Evonne Goolagong, of the Borellan, Australia Goolagongs, who was the tournament's No. 1 seed, merely kidded officials about the goof. Never mind that on the Sportez carpet used for the matches balls were slowed up as if they were bouncing off a surface of green Cream Of Wheat. And never mind that the overhead lights at one end of the court made the server want to confess all her crimes or apply suntan lotion.

All irrelevant. What actually mattered, and what might affect the outcome of the \$150,000 tournament, was that Goolagong was happy. She used to travel the circuit with the gruff tennis teacher who discovered her, Vic Edwards, but now she roams the world with her husband of 11 months, Roger Cawley, and the change in her has been startling.

People on the Slims tour say that these days Goolagong (that is still her court name) is actually paying attention when she's out there with a racket in her hands. No more of the infamous "walkabouts," in which this richly talented woman would suddenly lose her concentration and start wondering what flavor of ice cream that man in the front row was eating. And no more halfhearted practices. Cawley, once a junior player in England, is her practice partner now and she enjoys the workouts. It has paid off. This season Goolagong won five regular Slims tournaments (Chicago, Akron, Dallas, Boston and Philadelphia), clinched the Silver Ginny trophy for most points on the circuit and, according to one Slims-ite, was "unbeatable."

And what of Chris Evert, who until recently had defeated Evonne in eight straight matches? Well, she had won four



regular-season tournaments (Washington, D.C., Detroit, Sarasota and San Francisco), but she lost in the first round in Boston after taking a layoff, and then was beaten in straight sets by Goolagong in the Philadelphia final. So Evert went into Los Angeles as the second seed and a bit shaky in the confidence department.

All the seeds advanced the first night, Evert over Lesley Hunt, Virginia Wade over Betty Stove, Rosemary Casals over Terry Holladay and, in a battle of European teen-agers, Britain's Sue Barker, 19, over the U.S.S.R.'s Natasha Chmyreva, 17. Chmyreva is almost certainly a future champion if her national association will give her some freedom, but that is unlikely. Her older countrywoman, Olga Morozova, spends four weeks on tour, is called home for a month, tours for a month—bouncing back and forth across the Atlantic until she feels like an Aeroflot stewardess working double overtime.

#### TUESDAY

Apparently there had indeed been too much bouncing for Morozova. She was the only seeded player to be eliminated, beaten by Francoise Durr, the Algerian-born Frenchwoman who did not take a lesson until she was 19 and consequently has a limp-wristed backhand and a pit-typat serve that makes purists cover their eyes. Marita Redondo, third-seeded Martina Navratilova and Goolagong all won.

Goolagong's 6-1, 6-2 victory over Cynthia Doerner was her 16th in a row without losing a set. The last set, and the last match, she lost was in San Francisco six weeks before, to Evert.

Even at this point nobody in the arena had much doubt that Goolagong and Evert would be the finalists on Saturday. The Czech expatriate, Navratilova, had not played a tournament in a month because she hurt her left ankle while tossing a football around. She was also suffering from tendonitis in her left wrist (she is left-handed) and she was an easy 20 pounds overweight.

#### WEDNESDAY

Round-robin play started in both the Gold group headed by Goolagong and the Orange group headed by Evert. Goolagong turned out to be not quite as untouchable as some people thought. Redondo, a 20-year-old from National City, Calif., with a ripping forehand, took a set from the favorite—the first in 17 matches—but was done in by 51 unforced errors and five double faults.



*Evonne's overheads were a smashing success as she beat Evert the second straight time.*

"I just sort of feel glad that I've actually had a long match for a change," said Goolagong.

The most exciting tennis of the night was seen by practically nobody: Sue Barker, 5'5" and about 110 pounds, beat countrywoman Virginia Wade for the first time in her life, but the match lasted until 1:53 a.m. Thursday and went to five match points. Barker is a blonde pixie, the freshest thing out of Devonshire since cream, yet she hits her forehand with the power of a stevedore.

#### THURSDAY

Wade managed to lose her second match of the day, to Casals, and with it any chance of making the final, but the best match again involved Barker, who forced Evert into three sets before Chris won 4-6, 6-2, 6-4.

"I felt kind of numb out there and that

was a bad sign," said Evert, "so I had to start psyching myself up. I tried to get very mad. I have a tendency to sometimes dislike my opponents. That's part of the killer instinct. I want to beat them. With Sue it's tough to do that. She's not the type you want to hate out there."

Evert is somewhat of a loner on the tour. For a while she hung around with Navratilova, showing the teen-age Czech around America so to speak. But, Slims people say, that stopped when Navratilova beat her in straight sets in the Houston final. It was understandably difficult for Evert to build up a killer instinct when a pal was across the net. Her best friend is Kristien Kemmer Shaw, who isn't nearly the threat that Navratilova is. Evert spent her spare time in L.A. with Shaw and her husband. Or she stayed alone in her room at the Beverly Hills

*continued*

Hotel, tournament headquarters. Her relationship with ex-fiance Jimmy Connors is still in limbo.

"One thing I have learned is that it is tough to have success without someone to share it with," she told the *Los Angeles Times*. "I would like to have someone to share everything with, but still retain my independence. In the future I think I will have a really nice security with someone, but right now I don't want that."

She said she was "not really interested in men now. I have better things to do than go out with men I meet at tournaments who I'm not really attracted to."

Sitting in a room overlooking the palms of Beverly Hills on the afternoon before the Barker match Chris discussed the troubling notion that maybe she is losing her concentration at the very same time that Goolagong is gaining hers.

"I've thought about that," she said. "She's won four tournaments in a row and she's really starting to concentrate a lot more now. Before she never concentrated. On the other hand I've been brought up to concentrate and part of my reputation is based on my intense concentration."

"I really think it's mentally very hard to keep up this playing every week, and I think one factor is I've just had tennis, tennis, tennis my whole life and now I'm starting to branch out in different areas and it is taking away a little bit of my concentration on the court. So I have to learn just to put everything into those two hours that I'm spending in a match."

"I've signed with the Phoenix Racquets of World Team Tennis. I went to visit Kristien last summer for two weeks after Wimbledon and I stayed in Phoenix and traveled with the team to some away matches and practiced with them, just so I could get a feeling of what I was about to get into. I loved it, I really loved it. The only bad thing will be the traveling, but I'll get to have my own place in Phoenix."

"I like Phoenix. It's warm and it's small. San Francisco had the rights to me and were coming down and talking to my dad and myself, but they just wanted too much, too much of my time. It's a big city and they had big ideas. I wanted more of a low-key city, and Phoenix seemed to fit."

"But I think probably the team itself is most important. You know you're going to be living with the people so you have to get along with them, and I got along beautifully with everyone on the team."

#### FRIDAY

The Cawkeys arrived in Los Angeles a week before the championship, hoping to bask in abundant sunshine. They rented an apartment at the Marina City Club in Marina del Rey, but they didn't do much lolling in the sun. They wandered about instead, visiting Disneyland, Marineland and Universal Studios. They hit a number of different restaurants but returned several times to Chianti, a fashionable Italian place on Melrose Avenue where Goolagong always ordered veal.

Playing the first match for the third straight night, Evonne beat Navratilova as expected and was out on the town with Roger while the matches continued into the evening.

"I get out more than I used to," she said. "When you travel by yourself you usually just stay in your hotel room because you can't really go anywhere alone. Most of the girls go back to their rooms and watch TV and it is pretty boring. But Roger and I go to the movies, try different restaurants and sightsee. It's so much easier."

"You always have to have somebody close to you. Otherwise you go berserk. It's much easier for me that we don't have a home. I don't look forward to getting back anywhere. I don't get homesick for anywhere. I just think it's very important being happy on the tour and I find I am much more relaxed about it now than I ever have been. When I finish playing I seem to be able to forget the match very quickly. We just get away from it and enjoy ourselves."

Evert did not have it so easy in her last round-robin match, being extended to three sets by Wade. Both women complained about the court, which Wade called "stodgy."

"It's very hard to put a ball away on this court," said Evert. "I was hitting with my backhand as hard as I could and Virginia didn't have any problems with it. Usually that's how I win a point—hit a backhand hard and place it. But it's really been tough."

#### SATURDAY

To satisfy CBS, the Goolagong-Evert final was taped at 11 a.m., about the time they had been getting out of bed the previous five mornings. There was more at stake in this match than pride and prize money. Two gifted tennis players faced each other across the net, that was evident. But the fans probably didn't realize that they were also watching two conglomerates scratch and shove for better position in the marketplace. *The Wall Street Journal* should have had a reporter at the press table right next to the fellow from Tennis U.S.A.

Goolagong is the touring pro for the Hilton Head Racquet Club and endorses Cole of California tennis dresses, Dunlop rackets, Romika tennis shoes (in the U.S. and Britain), Dunlop-made tennis shoes (in Australia), Samsonite luggage and King Koil mattresses. Evert is un-

continued

Evonne was on top of the world with the Virginia Slims trophy perched on top of her head.





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EPA MILEAGE† HIGHWAY/CITY	MPG 30/20	MPG 30/21	MPG 27/17	MPG 25/17
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der contract to the chic! Ford modeling agency in New York and endorses Puritan tennis dresses, Wilson rackets, Converse tennis shoes and Borden's cheese. An Evert cosmetics endorsement is imminent.

Goolagong was the obvious favorite of the crowd. Evert might have been seeded second, and ranked second on the 1976 prize-money list, but to the fans Goolagong was the underdog. Evert has followed the same path as Billie Jean King, from amazing teen-ager to queen of the game, at least in the fans' minds, and they enjoy seeing her dethroned. After all, cute little Chrissie is a mature 21 now and has won \$703,262 the last three years.

Evert started out tenaciously, like a bulldog refusing to let go of the postman's ankle. Six times in the first game she had break point on Goolagong, who tried desperately to shake her off but couldn't. On the seventh Evert finally broke, then held her serve and led 2-0. Evert fans—and there were quite a few—must have settled back in their seats at that point and figured that their heroine was going to win her fourth Virginia Slims championship in five tries. Instead, Goolagong won six of the next seven games to take the first set 6-3.

The second set began with the same pattern. Evert was broken in the first game but shrugged it off, calmly sipped tea during the change of sides and determinedly moved to a 4-1 lead, once unleashing a patented Evert Grade A backhand passing shot down the line. But Goolagong was playing beautifully, too, floating about the Sportex as if it were a meadow and she was dancing in *Les Sylphides*, gracefully hitting forehands and backhands with accuracy and power. She won four straight games, took a 5-4 lead and was serving for the set, for the match and for all the chips, marbles and mattress sales.

But Evert is not a bad athlete either, blessed as she is with the kind of determination one normally associates with star marathon runners and middle linebackers. She had to break to avoid losing the match, and that is what she did, thanks in part to another laser-beam backhand down the line and a Goolagong forehand into the net that the players would call "loose," meaning sloppy or careless. Evert held, broke again and won the set 7-5 to even the match.

For the most part the third set was Goolagong's all the way. She served nicely and was never in too much danger of being broken. Some of the rallies were exciting thrust-and-parry, teeter-on-the-brink tennis that elicited huzzahs from the in-person crowd, which included the usual Hollywood hackers—Johnny Carson, Lloyd Bridges, Bill Cosby, Robert Shaw. Evert had to struggle a bit to hold her serve and finally was broken in the seventh game. In the ninth game, with Evert behind 3-5 and serving, she staved off two match points but finally succumbed on a Goolagong overhead smash.

Ripley's *Believe It or Not* should note that Evonne actually had concentrated for a full hour and 57 minutes in winning her 20th match in a row, the only lapses coming when she twice started to serve from the wrong side, which didn't embarrass her at all. She explained that she let others worry about the score while she thought about what she had just done or was just about to do.

"I thought this was one of the best matches we've had because both of us

played well consistently right up to the last point," said Evert. "We've had matches where it's gone three sets, but the sets that I've won, Evonne just wasn't playing as well, and the sets that she won, I wasn't playing as well."

"We always seem to have close matches. I think Evonne definitely has gotten more consistent. That's where I was able to beat her before, by trying to outsteady her, but you can't outsteady her anymore because her ground strokes are so good. So I think I'm going to have to develop a better net game and a better serve."

Goolagong, winner of the Australian and the Slims and the likely favorite at Wimbledon this summer, was off to her greatest start ever, better even than 1971, the year she won Wimbledon.

And she couldn't leave center stage without another plug for wedded bliss: "I've never worked harder really," she said. "Everything's paid off. I put everything into my practices and I think my husband's given me a lot of confidence."

Richer by \$40,000, the Cawleys went off to the marina to change for dinner.

END

The Cawleys continued their protracted honeymoon by strolling off into a \$40,000 sunset.



# THE FALL AND RISE OF YANKEE STADIUM



*When Detroit's John Hiller got Mike Hegan out to conclude Yankee Stadium's 1973 season (right), he also ended an era. Right after that game, workmen began renovating America's most famous sports edifice. Everything from the graffitied ticket booths to the short right-field line was changed, and last week a plush, pillarless Stadium opened to a packed house and protests over its immense cost. Is the rebuilt House of Ruth worth it? Beginning on page 39, a lifelong Yankee fan tells why he thinks it isn't.*

# LONGINES

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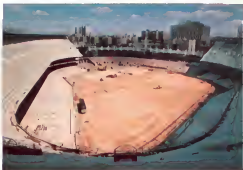
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*Lots of tradition crumbled when the original Yankee Stadium was dismantled. The famous facade that rimmed the roof is gone—mainly because there is now no roof. Instead, nostalgia buffs must reflect on a facsimile of the facade perched atop the outfield wall or on souvenirs they hauled away during the scavenging that immediately followed the final game in the old park. Those who were unable to unbolt a set of seats could return later for a sale of memorabilia that included an impromptu poster show of the Yanks' pennant-winning past. Sacrificed along with the facade and wooden seats was the old scoreboard. It has been replaced by a larger one that will show replays—as soon as it is put in working order.*







# A DIAMOND IN THE ASHES

by ROBERT LIPSYTE

**M**y father trained for schoolboy track meets in Crotona Park, the Bronx; I was born in University Heights Hospital, the Bronx; and my father and I attended our first baseball game together in Yankee Stadium, the Bronx, a warm rite that forever fixed the Bombers as my favorite team in my favorite sport. But I remember, too, being disappointed that first time. Mel Allen on the radio had prepared me for something grander—lusher outfields, a more imposing spectacle, a greater sense of sanctuary from the city squatting beyond the fences. He was preparing me, I now realize, not for the House That Ruth Built, but for the House the Taxpayers Rebuilt, that beautiful, shameful, symbolic enclave that now glitters like a diamond in the ashes of the borough of my birth.

"Yankee Stadium is an outrage," I said one day recently to the Borough President of the Bronx, Robert Abrams.

Abrams regarded me tolerantly. When we first met, he had eagerly told me that we had gone to the same college and had dated the same girl, but now that our locker-room rapport had evaporated, his smile seemed merely politic. After all, he had helped cheerlead the renovation through the city's fiscal channels.

"Yankee Stadium is part of the chemistry of life in this town," said Abrams. "Every major institution is part of that chemistry, and I'm talking about the Bronx Zoo and the Statue of Liberty and Radio City and Yankee Stadium."

"But the price," I said. "There are estimates this stadium will eventually cost the city \$150 million."

"I was never really made aware of the cost," said Abrams, looking me square in the eye. "In 1971, when we were told it would be in the area of \$24 million, I thought it made economic sense."

"Do you think you were deliberately misinformed, or didn't you do your homework?" I asked.

An aide rushed up to tell him of an urgent phone call. Had Abrams made a signal I never saw? He excused himself, and I knew he would never return.

"Chemistry of the city? Bull!" roared former City Council President Sanford D. Garelik, a career police officer who alone voted against the Stadium renovation project when the Board of Estimate decided to go ahead with it. "Ask Abrams about the chemistry of all the schools and the libraries and the hospitals that were closed down for lack of funds."

"Was it a crooked administration that rammed the Stadium bill through?" I asked Garelik.

"It was an arrogant administration," said Garelik. "And just as in the case of many stadiums throughout the country, the public was misled." He spoke very carefully, in the monotone that had helped mark him as a boring public official.

"Look, I'm out of politics," said Garelik, now Chief of the Transit Authority Police. "I just don't want to get into anything now. If you write about me, just say I stand on everything I said then, and I was dead right at the time."

Myles Jackson, a lineman on Mchegan's 1951 Rose Bowl team, was not born in the Bronx, as Abrams and Garelik and I were, but he lives there now, a block from Yankee Stadium. Four years ago, rebuilding himself after a business failure, he found an inexpensive apartment in the neighborhood, which is basically commercial and industrial. The Bronx Terminal Market is nearby, and the Bronx County Courthouse stands on the highest hill.

Sometimes Jackson spent a dollar to sit in the bleachers. I have done that, too, and it can be a soothing place, as public or private as one might need it to be, a sun deck, a gambling casino, a patio from which to see green, a tree house of old August fantasies.

And sometimes Jackson went to jog in Macombs Dam Park, which includes a football field ringed with a cinder track that lies literally in the shadow of the Stadium. The track was poorly maintained by the city; it was often unusable. When the Stadium was closed for renovation after the 1973 baseball season and the little park deteriorated even more, Jackson became angry enough to found a local organization called the Committee to Save Macombs Dam Park.

"Yankee Stadium is a symbol of the value system by which this city, this country, bases its decisions," he says. "They can spend all that money for a stadium, but when it comes to a little more for a recreational facility that will really enhance the quality of life through sports, there's just nothing left."

But symbols and chemistry are the name of the game, whether your city is New York or someplace else, whether your game is baseball or some other sport. The "new" Yankee Stadium is not the all-weather, all-purpose facility New York needs. But as an example of the state of the art of cosmetic architecture, it is a handsome improvement. When I take my son to his first major league game, it will be in a brighter, airier, more comfortable bull park. The pillars that obscured the view of too many of the old 65,000 seats are gone, replaced by a steel cable-counterweight system of the type used to support suspension bridges. Gone will be that chilling darkness of Giant football Sunday afternoons, when the pillars cast late-fall shadows on the seats behind them. Of course, gone, too, are the Giants (to New Jersey), and gone are 11,000 seats, a million baseball seats per season.

Most of the 54,000 that remain are wider. When the park was built in 1923 for a reported \$25 million by Jacob Ruppert and Tillinghast L. H. Hommedieu Huston, the seats were 18 and 19 inches wide. The new molded-plastic seats, complete with indentations to simulate the "historical aura" of the old slatted wood ones, are mostly 20 and 21 inches. Many

*continued*

*Modernized outside and in, the new Stadium drew \$2,615 for the Yankees' home opener.*

of the seats in the field boxes are 22, and some of the cheaper ones in the grandstand are 18. Class is served.

The director of the Stadium project, an architect named Perry Green, is particularly proud of the historical aura. "I'm an architect; I like pretty things," he says. "Look, there are millions of paving stones around the outside of the Stadium. They could have been all one color. It would have been cheaper. But we used three colors, and it's so much more esthetically pleasing."

I said, "Why didn't you just blacktop it, like Dallas? You'd have saved millions."

"Look, we have to live. We've got theater. What's music? Some people say it's a waste of time."

"And they don't buy it. This is city money, people's money, you're being artsy with."

"The city made a value judgment," said Green. "Yankee Stadium is valuable to the life of this city. C'mon, I'll show you around, I'll make you happy."

I covered my first major league game in 1960 at Yankee Stadium, which was then, and probably still is, the most famous athletic edifice in the country. I was 22 years old, and in reply to a civil question, Mickey Mantle offered an obscenity. I was astounded. The books, magazines and newspapers I was reading then had not prepared me for an American hero, the heir to Joe D's center field, blaspheming in the Temple of Sport.

And make no mistake, the Stadium was that. Even sportswriters were expected to dress and behave with more dignity at Yankee Stadium than at other ball parks. Youthful chatter and high jinks behind the batting cage or in the press box were met by the thunderously raised eyebrow of an older beat man or a Yankee staffer and a soft, chilling, "Where do you think you are?" The implication was clear, an assignment somewhere else, a certain comedown, could easily be arranged. Sportswriters either dressed more neatly at the Stadium (as a *New York Times* man, my jacket and tie reflected another, similar dress code) or more sloppily, letting their torn sneakers and raggedy sport shirts make protests for them. My own stories were sometimes self-consciously wry or snide in those days, but my protest was easily snuffed by calling me "irreverent" or "iconoclastic," as if the Stadium was indeed a holy place and its bats and balls were relics.

There was no way to beat that "historical aura." Houseman or anti-Yankee, we sat in that iron balcony of a press box behind home plate and saw the monuments to Huggins and Ruth and Gehrig in center field, not the elevated train racking itself beyond the wall. We thought of Murderers' Row, when the young men below us were only Pepitone and Tresh and Murcer, enormously talented but spooked by the hype that a man becomes a superman when he pulls on Yankee pinstripes.

The monuments are no longer in center field; they are enclosed in a "memorial park" in left center field between the bullpens, an alfresco crypt that alerts us that Huggins and Ruth and Gehrig are finally being eased out of the lineup. The elevated train is no longer visible from most spots within the park, nor is the ball game visible from the station platform. It is blocked from view by a wall that is decorated with a concrete facsimile of the famous openwork facade that used to hang from the roof of the now-roofless Stadium. A sense of sanctuary, of enclave, finally exists. In fact, it has been quite consciously created through a concept called "Yankeeland" by the builders—and called "ghettophobia" by Jackson, the frustrated jogger.

In fact, the Stadium, which was renovated to enhance the chemistry of the city, will best serve motorists from the suburbs. Suburban drivers will be able to sweep down an expressway ramp that is under construction into a recently completed multilevel garage. After parking their cars, they can cross a multicolored plaza made of those paving stones and enter the park. New escalators and elevators will whisk them to their seats. Color-coded walls lead to the appropriate restrooms—blue walls for men, red for women. There is a public cafeteria; heretofore, the only civilized dining was private. The pleasure of the game will be vastly enhanced by improved sightlines; not only have the pillars been removed, but also the playing field has been lowered and the main deck has been pitched more steeply.

However, there will be fewer home runs in Yankee Stadium. The right-field line designed for Ruth has been lengthened from 296 feet to 310 feet, and the left-field line from 301 feet to 313 feet. The walls are 10 feet higher. But sluggers may be mollified by the tonier accommodations. The dugouts are air-con-

ditioned and each Yankee locker, a generous four feet deep and four feet wide, is furnished with a blue vinyl love seat that opens to store such modern jockeup equipment as tape decks, dictaphones (for soon-to-be-published diaries) and hair dryers. There are also a mirror and an electric outlet in each locker.

Perhaps the most luxurious new appointments are the 19 private lounges, complete with televisions, wet bars and bathrooms, that open onto 14 and in two cases, 30—reserved seats in the second deck behind home plate. The larger lounges go for \$30,000 per season, the others for \$19,000. The first was rented by the Yankees' principal owner, George Steinbrenner III, recently returned to active participation after his suspension from baseball following his felony conviction for illegal Presidential campaign contributions.

Ironically, one of Steinbrenner's first public actions since his comeback was the edict last month that in the interest of "order and discipline" players may not wear beards or long hair. "I want to develop pride in the players as Yankees," Steinbrenner explained.

Was it another touch of "historical aura"? The glory Yankees were outwardly clean-cut, although the team's percentage of rosterers and midnight ramblers didn't depress the league average. Reporters questioning club officials about a rumored flatlight or curfew breakers were told, "You don't want to write about that." Especially when the club was winning, a writer could be made to feel somehow treacherous if he tried to dig beneath the glossy surface. Until Jim Bouton's *Ball Four* was published, for example, the myth of Mantle as a Moses in a Wheaties box was prevalent. It took a Yankee.

"It's all so beautiful that it's a little embarrassing," says one baseball official, talking about the new park, not the short haircuts. "So many exquisite touches. You'd think the city could have done a little more for the neighborhood outside the Stadium, like it said it would."

It will take at least a grand jury to fully explain the process by which New York decided to take over and renovate Yankee Stadium, but we can assume that the coalition that swung the deal was basically the same as the groups that have saddled other cities with publicly funded ball parks for privately owned teams. Regardless of what city you are in, those

*continued*

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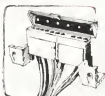
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concerned with property values, labor supply, tourist income and public relations seem to believe that their town cannot be truly major league without a big-league baseball team. In metropolises like New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, the requisite number is two.

The rage and sorrow in New York when the Dodgers and Giants left for California in 1958 were as real as that of any scorned lover. The *Times*' Arthur Daley, tears in his eyes, answered thousands of grieving letters; but his own wounds were deeper than those he tried to soothe. In those days we actually believed that a team was "ours" to be supported and forgiven as it championed our town. The local reaction to the New York franchise shifts began with the cry: How could they betray us just for money and sunshine? Eventually it charged to the cuckold's lament: we weren't city enough to hold them! The city swore it would never lose a team again.

Four years later the Mets were created with the promise of a municipal stadium built and operated under such favorable conditions that the club had most of the advantages of ownership with few of the expenses or responsibilities. In 1971 the Yankees indicated that they might be lured away if the city did not do at least as well by them. I thought it was a bluff at the time and would have liked to have told the Yankees to do the same thing that Mantle had suggested to me, but Mayor John V. Lindsay, Abrams and their colleagues fell over each other declaring Yankee Stadium an essential element in the city's chemistry, a bastion against the white middle-class migration to the suburbs, an anchor to the rehabilitation of the Bronx. Then comptroller and now Mayor Abraham Beame mildly suggested that the "need for another stadium should be balanced against the needs for housing, schools, libraries, hospitals and other facilities," but he apparently was able to balance those needs, because, when the day of decision arrived, he fell into step behind Abrams, who pranced into the Board of Estimate chambers wearing a Yankee cap. Only Garelik, the cop, seowled and voted no.

"Yankee Stadium may be a landmark—it marks some wonderful memories," said Garelik. "What I object to is not the retention of the New York Yankees, but the fiscal irresponsibility of sinking millions of dollars into the half-soling of an old shoe that, when

completed, will still be an old shoe."

Garelik's most radical counterproposal, that the money be used to dome and AstroTurf Shea so it could serve as the home for all four New York teams—Yankees, Mets, Giants, Jets—was instantly hoisted down as impractical. But during one of the years Yankee Stadium was being rebuilt, the four teams lived together at Shea in relative harmony.

Garelik's main points still hold up. He called the original \$24 million price tag "ludicrous" and predicted the final cost would be triple the official figure; with annual debt service counted in, Garelik's prediction will be conservative. And he declared that, after all was said and done, New York would still not have a multipurpose, multi-season stadium to match the new facilities in other cities.

Who's the bad guy? The reports of alleged high-level political corruption in the Bronx seem to point inexorably toward YankeeLand. Some have suggested mundane courthouse graft. But others do not see crime. They blame CBS, which, they say, could never have unloaded its losing subsidiary, the Yankees, without a viable ball park.

Or could it be that the city administration actually believed that baseball was critical to the life of the city? "That's why we couldn't let the Yankees leave," says Abrams. "Can you imagine if the Yanks win the pennant? Can you imagine the electricity, the impact on the city? Not only in real dollars, but in spirit. We're in a psychological crisis, decisions are being made every day to come to New York, to leave New York, to invest in New York. Can you imagine the Yankees and the Mets in the World Series?"

By the end of 1975 the city had quietly dropped a program to clean up the area around the Stadium, specifically to buy and raze several dilapidated buildings. The reason cited was the "fiscal crisis." The program would have cost about \$2 million. Instead, some of that money was allocated to improve the subway station adjoining the Stadium. About \$300,000 more of it was used to buy the Yankees such things as a tarpaulin, a carpet for their general offices and private toilets for the VIP boxes.

Macombs Dam Park seems never to have been seriously included in any official master plan, although Abrams claims to have fought for it in vain. Yankee Architect Green, who says he helped Jackson draw up a program for the

park's rehabilitation, calls Jackson a "troublemaker," while describing Macombs Dam Park as a "strolling space for Stadium patrons" in his own press release.

"This park could make this neighborhood safe and give a sense of community spirit," said Jackson recently as he stood in the mud of it. "It could offer recreation to 700,000 people a year and do it without costing the city a penny. It could be a model for the whole country, the kind of thing that could turn the Bronx, maybe New York, around, but all the big boys think about are those rich suburbs. Who do they think the rest of us are, Apaches with Magic Markers?"

At numerous public hearings, in letters to politicians, Yankee executives and the media and by a 10-mile jog to City Hall, Jackson and his committee have tried to sell a \$2.5 million plan to turn Macombs Dam Park into the city's only 24-hour, competition-class track-and-field facility.

The \$2.5 million, perhaps raised from federal or private sources, would buy an eight-lane all-weather track, artificial turf for football, floodlights and a double-decked, 5,000-capacity grandstand with locker rooms, offices and meeting halls. Competitive events, even a Park 'n' Jog for commuters, would make it a money-earning facility as well as a kind of plaza for the neighborhood, and one easily accessible to the rest of the city.

"The Stadium isn't going to do anything for me," says a store owner on 161st Street, YankeeLand's northern boundary. "That's an insulated place over there, people just drive in and out. But the park, that could bring life back to the area. People could walk around at night again. There'd be something for youngsters to do, a place for old folks to kibitz."

That is the crux of the problem exemplified by rebuilt Yankee Stadium, with its "historical aura" and its huge cost overruns paid for out of public funds. While municipal officials and businessmen argue that keeping their city "major league" is essential to its well-being, perhaps even to its survival, the nonfans among the youngsters, old folks and those in between who live in the city have inadequate facilities. The savings from less elaborate paving, not to mention a multipurpose park housing all of New York's big-league teams, might have built a monument to sports far greater than Yankee Stadium will ever be. **END**

Honest Pleasure, the magnificent Kentucky Derby favorite, has but one disconcerting flaw: bred to run, he fights hard to run all-out all the time by **ERNEST HAVEMANN**

## **THE HORSE THAT COULD BE 'TOO DAMN FAST'**



*Every work is an exercise in deceit, but the colt takes his other handling unperturbedly.*







If ever there was a solid favorite for the Kentucky Derby, Bold Forbes notwithstanding, it is Honest Pleasure. Off his past performances, including his smashing victories in the Flamingo and the Florida Derby, Honest Pleasure looks like what racegoers call a lock, a shoo-in, a fuzzi. But before you do what racegoers call risk the family jewels, or bet with both hands, be forewarned. Honest Pleasure has a problem.

The problem is a strange and ironic one. Hard for a casual racing fan to comprehend. Sounds preposterous. The trouble with Honest Pleasure is that he runs too damn fast.

Centuries of selective horse breeding have culminated in what may be the ultimate in speed and power. Honest Pleasure carries the genes of such great forebears as Bold Ruler, Nasrullah, Blenheim II, Solaris. Somehow the genes have all come together to create a magnificent dark bay animal who is exciting to look at when standing still, breathtaking to watch in motion.

Honest Pleasure is big, but not too big. He has a large and handsome head, marvelous shoulders, broad hindquarters rippling with muscle. The most capricious critic of horseflesh could walk around him all day without finding a flaw.

When he runs he takes giant strides and he takes them quickly. Whoosh, whoosh. His hooves scarcely seem to touch the ground; he seems to be floating effortlessly on a cushion of air. In his last six races he has been in front from start to finish and has won by an average of nearly eight lengths. In the Flamingo at Hialeah in February, only his second start as a 3-year-old, he went the three-quarters in 1:09 flat and the full mile and an eighth in 1:46½, the fastest time in the race's 47-year history. Fantastic.

Just how fantastac can be gleaned from the figures compiled by Sam Engelberg, a Florida-based professional handicap-

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TROLO

per with half a century of experience watching and rating the horses. The "number" Engelberg put on Honest Pleasure's performance in the Flamingo—a figure adjusted for such factors as weight carried, track condition and even the direction and velocity of the wind—was 315. The only other horse Engelberg ever flattered with an equally high number was the brilliant but erratic Coaltown, after Coaltown's best race way back in 1948. Secretariat never rated higher than 310 on Engelberg's scale.

Engelberg says flatly, "At this stage Honest Pleasure is the best I've ever seen." Says another veteran handicapper, "Just looking at the cold figures, it's hard to believe that this horse is for real."

But there's the rub. One has to go beyond the cold figures and consider the matter of temperament. And Honest Pleasure has inherited the spirit as well as the body of an indomitable competitor. He is all business and no nonsense. A great racehorse is supposed to *run*—and Honest Pleasure wants to bust out and run. The trouble is that no horse can run at top speed all the way, and still win at a mile and a quarter against the kind of opposition Honest Pleasure is sure

to face at Churchill Downs on May 1.

The question is this: Can his trainer, LeRoy Jolley, teach Honest Pleasure to put prudence ahead of pride and slow down a little in the first part of the race? Can his jockey, Braulio Baeza, hold him back, rate him, force him to conserve some of his strength for the stretch?

If not, Honest Pleasure may be by far the best horse in the Derby—in fact even the best-equipped horse in all history—and still lose.

The best way to understand Honest Pleasure's problem is to go back to a warm Florida morning in late March. It is two weeks before the Florida Derby, in which the horse will be making his third start of the year. He needs a work this morning. Jolley wants him to go a nice easy seven furlongs in 1:27. Fast enough to be another step in building up endurance, slow enough to keep him from what prizefighters call leaving your fight in the gym.

But how do you get this swift and head-strong animal to do something so beneath his dignity? To Honest Pleasure running means knocking off seven furlongs at top speed, say in 1:21 at the least.

Jolley has concocted an elaborate

scheme to fool his horse into slowing down. For as long as possible. Honest Pleasure will be gulled into believing that he is not going to work at all. He will be led to think that he is merely out for a walk around the track, maybe a little jogging, at best a slow gallop. By the time he realizes that he will have a chance to run, he may be too surprised to move any faster than Jolley wants him to move.

Will the scheme work? A lot depends on it. At least the \$91,440 winner's share of the Florida Derby, perhaps all the potential millions that the Kentucky Derby is worth.

Honest Pleasure's exercise boy this morning is Pinky Hurley, an ex-jockey who, since retiring from the races, has galloped and worked such good ones as Forego, last year's Horse of the Year. Pinky is on the short side, like most men who ride for a living, but he is built like a barrel. He weighs a little more than most exercise boys, and the extra pounds are mostly muscle. Though he is 62 years old, his upper arms still have the girth and solidity of tree trunks.

Any jockey in the world would have jumped at the chance to get on Honest Pleasure this morning. But Jolley does not want a jockey today. "Jockeys aren't strong at holding a horse back," he explains. "They're not used to it. They're strong at pushing a horse forward—and that's just what we don't need."

Even Pinky, for all his strength and experience, looks grim as he gets into the saddle. He and Honest Pleasure will go to the track accompanied by a stable pony ridden by another experienced ex-jockey named John Nazareth, who is one of Jolley's assistant trainers. As with most jockeys who have spent a lot of time trying to hold down their weight, Nazareth's face is permanently seamed and drawn. Now he looks even more agnized than usual. Can you really hope to fool a horse who, in his own way, is probably the equal of Einstein?

Honest Pleasure and the pony are ready to head for the track. Jolley reminds their riders once more of the plan. "Easy, easy, easy all the way. Just kind of sneak off. Easy, easy, EASY!"

Pinky and Nazareth take the horse path to the track. Jolley goes the pedestrian way. With him are some friends who have come to watch the big horse work. Jolley makes small talk; he tries to keep his nerves from jumping out of his skin. But he gives himself away. A

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*Architect of the conspiracy to channel Honest Pleasure's spirit Jolley has his hands full.*



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long silver chain is attached to the stop-watch with which he will time the work. Jolley carries the watch in his palm and keeps swinging the chain around his extended thumb. Making ever smaller circles, the chain winds around the thumb. Then it changes direction and winds away. Wrap and unwrap, back and forth. The closer Jolley gets to the spot in the stands from which he will watch, the faster the chain swings.

In the stands, Jolley continues to chat with his friends. He points to two young women and a young man, all in jeans, who have just arrived down near the finish line. "Those are my employees, over here to watch the work," he says. "I wonder who's minding the store." A little joke to ease the tension. But the watch chain keeps circling faster and faster, glinting in the early morning sunlight.

Horse and pony are starting to walk around the track. Honest Pleasure apparently has been taken in. When other horses go by him, galloping or breezing, he never turns a hair. Perhaps his competitive instincts remain unaroused because of disdain for ordinary horses. Would an Olympic sprint champion, out for a leisurely Sunday morning stroll, be jealous of an overweight middle-aged jogger who happened to huff and puff past?

Horse and pony walk halfway around the track, then move into an easy jog for the rest of the circuit. When they start around again, their riders let them gallop. They continue to gallop toward the seven-eighths pole, where the workout will begin. Honest Pleasure is giving his exercise boy no trouble. He seems to have no thought at all about running. The scheme has worked.

Or has it? Pinky starts to give Honest Pleasure his head. Just a little relaxation on the reins. Pinky wants to sneak off before his horse realizes what is happening, just as Jolley instructed. John Nazareth, on the pony, drops back as unobtrusively as possible. But despite all the deception, Honest Pleasure catches on. And the instant he knows he has a chance to start running, he wants to *run*. All of a sudden Pinky has his hands full. Those tree-trunk arms are strained to the utmost. The easy stroll has turned into a bitter battle—between a horse who wants to go as fast as he can and a rider who must not let him.

Up in the stands, Jolley has moved away from his friends; he wants to watch this struggle alone. What he sees turns

the back of his neck a bright red. Pinky, in his effort to keep the horse from going too fast, has him going too slow. For the first half mile of the workout, Honest Pleasure is showing no more speed than a plow horse—the four furlongs in 51½.

Jolley leaps into the air and cries out as if stabbed. He waves his left arm frantically forward, beckoning Pinky to move the horse. He shouts, "Let him do something! For gosh sake, let him do something!"

Pinky, of course, is too busy to see the waving arm. Over the hoofbeats of his horse he cannot hear. But now he has the horse going the way he would like, and the last part of the work is much better than the first part. Honest Pleasure finishes the seven furlongs in 1:28, exactly a second slower than Jolley wanted.

Jolley, a perfectionist, is outraged. He excuses himself from his friends and goes down to the track to talk to Pinky. Nobody but Jolley and Pinky will ever know what he said, and what he said probably could not be printed anyway. In Jolley's mind, the morning has been a total loss.

He walks back to the barn in despondency, bemoaning the trainer's lot. "What can you do?" he asks his friends. "If you've got a horse like this that loves to work, you've got to worry that he'll run away or that the boy will be so worried about holding him back that the horse doesn't get any benefit. But if you've got a horse that doesn't want to work, then you've got to send another horse alongside him to get up his interest—and now you've got two boys that have to work together and one or the other of them is liable to mess up."

At the moment, of course, LeRoy Jolley is very down on all exercise boys—even his own profession. It has been a tough morning.

Honest Pleasure has caused a lot of consternation this fine Florida day. He is just too much horse. He is so good that he is a holy terror to the people around him.

When Honest Pleasure gets back to the barn, however, nobody would ever know it. He is now a lamb. He stands perfectly still while getting a bath to wash the sweat off him. Afterward he walks calmly behind a young hot-walker, who cannot weigh more than 90 pounds, not even one-twelfth his own powerful weight.

After he has walked long enough to cool out from his efforts, Honest Pleasure

sure goes back to his stall, a little enclosure about 12 feet square where he spends most of his life. Has groom goes in with him to minister to those fragile thoroughbred legs.

The groom is Jack Jackson, another veteran of many years and many horses. He brushes off his horse. Even in the shadows of the stall that dark bay coat begins to glisten. In this light Honest Pleasure looks more brown than bay—indeed pure mahogany, waxed and buffed. Beautiful.

Now Jackson crawls around under his horse getting his equipment ready—a bucket of wet clay, a roll of Saran Wrap, an armful of thick bandages. Paying him no mind, Honest Pleasure starts to nibble at the rack of hay hanging from the doorway. He has admirable table manners. He manages to extract a single strand of hay, pulls it away, munches it slowly and deliberately, like a gourmet savoring an oyster. He has the appetite of a growing boy—which in a sense he still is—but he eats as he does everything else. With class.

The clay is what horsemen call a poultice. It is cool and it will stay cool. If the morning work has produced any irritation in those fragile ankles and tendons, the clay will take away the sting, like an ice pack applied to a swollen eye.

Jackson shapes the clay around Honest Pleasure's left ankle, like a sculptor, then covers it with the Saran Wrap to hold it in place. Over the Saran goes a thick slab of cotton, and finally a carefully wound roll of bandage anchored with big safety pins. When the job is done, the leg looks as if it is in a cast, four times its normal size. Honest Pleasure looks like a casualty at a ski resort.

On to the right leg. Honest Pleasure pays no attention. He chews daintily on another strand of hay. He shakes his big head to dislodge a fly, then rubs against the hay rack, scratching the spot where the fly annoyed him. He notices Jackson's brush, lying bristles up in the doorway of the stall, nuzzles at it, decides it is inedible and pulls away.

Jackson is taking his time; he wants his bandages to be a work of art worthy of his horse; the job goes on for a full 30 minutes. But Honest Pleasure is patient. He stands motionless except for his head. "He never gives me any trouble at all," Jackson says. "He's a real kind horse. A gentleman."

At last all four legs are in the bulky pro-

*continued*

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## 'TOO DAMN FAST' continued

tective sheaths Honest Pleasure wears in his stall. Jackson gives his horse a final swipe with a towel, though the coat already is shimmering, and takes off the halter. Honest Pleasure knows the day's work is over. He moves for the first time, turning his broad rump to the doorway and the world, and amuses himself by rearranging the thick carpet of straw at the back of the stall.

Pinky Hurley, scrubbing his tack in front of the barn, tries to be philosophical about the morning's events. "That horse is a real tough tomato," he says, and he means it as a tribute. "He can take off on you anytime. He fought me all through the first half today, and he's a lot stronger than I am. He's stronger than three men. The only thing I can do is try to outfox him, and that's not easy. If he tries to run off with his head down, that's all right, you can control him. But if he gets his head up and you take too much hold, he's liable to go off stride and hit himself. Of course, if he ever manages to get his head sideways, that's the end of it. That way you have no control at all with the reins, he'll run right away with you."

In his office before going home, Jolley has calmed down considerably. He has had word from the clockers that the track seemed to be unusually dull that morning; all the works were on the slow side, even for horses that were being urged to run. Considering the track condition, the work was not really much slower than he had planned, just a tack or two of the stopwatch.

"Of course, that first half bothered me," he says. "You don't want your horse to be fighting like that, the main thing you want is to get him comfortable and running nice and relaxed. When he's going so slow and trying to go faster, you're always worried that the horse will hurt himself. But he didn't hurt himself. And there's plenty of time left to work him fast, and you know he'll work."

Thinking of the future raises another problem. How can you work a horse like Honest Pleasure fast without working him too fast? LeRoy Jolley says, mostly to himself, "He's never really got away from his rider, he's never knocked himself out in a workout. But he's always on the borderline, it's always a worry. And now with these three big races coming up. . . ."

Jolley is thinking about the Triple

continued

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**'TOO DAMN FAST'** continued

Crown—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont. "Those are three days in a horse's life that only come up once," he says. "They're tough days. It's a grueling schedule. All that travel. Three different racetracks, three different surfaces, three different distances. If your horse is going to be at his best, you've got to give him every possible advantage every day of his life. You can't afford to make a mistake."

But fretting over a horse like Honest Pleasure has its compensations. The morning's tension begins to give way, Jolley says. "One good thing, this horse never gives anybody any problems, except that he wants to run so bad. He'll eat anything you put in his feed tub. He'll drink any kind of water. He's never had anything wrong with him, except that he backed his shins when he broke his maiden last year and once he had a cough and ran a little temperature for a couple of days. As for his workouts, who knows? What a bad horse is struggling to do, a good horse can do easily. Who knows how fast is too fast for him?"

Jolley ponders for a moment and adds, "Naturally he's hard to rate right now. He grew a lot over the winter, he stands over 16 hands now. And he got a lot broader and stronger. Naturally, he came out wanting to sprint. But I think the way we've been trying to rate him in the morning is beginning to take effect. And the whole purpose of our racing schedule is to teach him to take it easy. We're passing up the shorter races. He'll go a mile and an eighth in the Florida Derby and again in the Blue Grass. He'll get a little tired in those races and he'll begin to rate himself."

As it turned out, Honest Pleasure went slower in the Florida Derby than in the Flamingo—six furlongs in 1:10<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>, the mile and an eighth in 1:47<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. But his pace was still dangerously fast. Only one horse in history, *Kansas King* in 1966, has ever won the Kentucky Derby after going six furlongs under 1:11. Secretariat, in his record-setting 1973 Derby, fouled the three-quarters in 1:13.

Will Honest Pleasure ever really learn to rate himself? If he does, he may well turn out to be the greatest and most successful racehorse of all time, better than Secretariat, better than *Man o' War*. If not, he will have failed not for lack of ability but because he was too proud a runner ever to do less than try his very best every stride down the track. **END**





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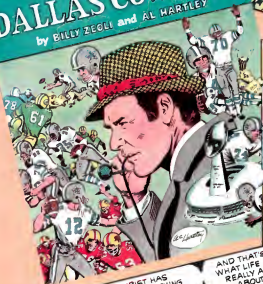


# TOM LANDRY

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by BILLY ZEGLI and AL HARTLEY

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# The Word According to Tom

by Frank Deford

*Big names in sport have been used to sell religion, endorsing Jesus much as they would a sneaker or a golf club, but the show-biz approach to Christianity is now losing ground*

**A**n invocation by Father Edward Rupp at the dinner before the 1976 WHA All-Star game:

"Heavenly Father, Divine Goalie, we come before You this evening to seek Your blessing. . . . We are, thanks to You, All-Stars.

"We pray tonight for Your guidance. Keep us free from actions that would put us in the Sin Bin of Hell. Inspire us to avoid the pitfalls of our profession. Help us to stay within the blue line of Your commandments and the red line of Your grace. Protect us from being injured by the puck of pride. May we be ever delivered from the high stick of dishonesty. May the wings of Your angels play at the right and left of our teammates. May You always be the Divine Center of our team, and when our summons comes for eternal retirement to the heavenly grandstand, may we find You ready to give us the everlasting bonus of a permanent seat in Your coliseum.

"Finally, grant us the courage to skate without tripping, to run without icing, and to score the goal that really counts—the one that makes each of us a winner, a champion, an All-Star in the hectic Hockey Game of Life Amen."

Until recently, the distasteful practice of having loquacious men of the cloth deliver pregame invocations larded with sporting lingo was restricted pretty much to the South and to football. But athletic religion is not so bashful anymore. Increasingly, public team prayer and public-address entreaties to the Divine Goalie or the Head Coach in the Sky are in evidence. Sportianity, as this brand of religion might best be called, is thoroughly evangelistic, using sport as an advertising medium. The idea is simple enough: first, convert the athletes, who are among the most visible individuals in our society, then, use these stars for what is generally known

*continued*

in the business as "outreach," an up-to-date rendering of the old-fashioned phrase "missionary work." To put it bluntly, athletes are being used to sell religion. They endorse Jesus, much as they would a new sneaker or a graphite-shafted driver.

A classic example is an inspirational comic book, written about the life of Tom Landry, the Dallas Cowboy coach who is also chairman of the national board of trustees of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, the best-known and most influential of the Sportian organizations. In the comic book, Landry's bald head is never shown. He always has a hat on or, indoors, his pate is cleverly obscured by well-placed lampshades and word balloons. The problem is that he became prominent in Sportianity about the time he went bald, and Spire Christian Comics apparently does not want young readers to get the impression that being a witness to Jesus causes baldness. On the other hand, children are being led to believe that religious wisdom is revealed to the Western world through the National Football League. The comic implies that "God's Game Plan" is guaranteed coming as it does "I from the Blackboard of the Dallas Cowboys' Chapel Service." The plan is being peddled as orange drink or vitamins ("I from the Training Table of the Dallas Cowboys") might be. Sportianity is a hard, clever sell.

Athletes are brought along carefully. Only natural ministers move right into the starting lineup. Dave Hannah, the president and founder of Athletes in Action, the jock arm of Campus Crusade for Christ, explains the group's redshirting of Terry Bradshaw: "We spent a long time considering whether Terry was there," Hannah says, "but now he's really coming along spiritually." The major Sportian organizations compete diligently for the best athletic outreachers, the big names that also will be hits at the religious box office.

Too often the star system becomes a numbers game. Sportianity seems metered by numbers. Ben Patterson, an editor of *The Wittenberg Down*, a contemporary religious magazine, writes, "Look at the thousands who have come to Christ through the witness of a famous Christian athlete or entertainer. My reply is that if all the statistics of all the

evangelistic crusades reported in just the last 10 years were accurate, then we would be living on a planet fully Christianized—several times over."

The most detailed statistics come from Baseball Chapel, which is coordinated by a retired sportswriter, Watson Spoelstra of Detroit. Spoelstra puts out a bi-weekly newsletter that provides Chapel stats every bit as detailed as those in *The Sporting News*. Chapel attendance last season soared to 6,434, which averages out to 260 a Sunday—and this without any special Bible Day or Cross Day giveaways. There were exactly 146 individuals who spoke in Baseball Chapel last season.

Pro Athletes Outreach boasts that 250,000 heard its speakers during a five-city tour in 1975. The Sports Ambassadors played before 139,400 fans last year. Athletes in Action teams packed in 700,000 spectators, with 125,000 of them filling out inquiry cards. And, from the Fellowship of Christian Athletes monthly: "Of the 70 delegates during one week, 26 indicated they found Christ as Savior and Lord, 29 made commitments of their lives, and 22 said they would like to become involved in full-time Christian service."

While FCA rolls are expanding, especially as its roots spread into junior high, even to girls, the group is returning more and more to its original home: precept of having young athletes support one another. The summer camps, featuring big-name players and coaches, have always provided a come-on, but the strength of the program lies in the local Huddles, where an older athlete meets with younger ones.

Ron Morris, a former SMU basketball star, is an ordained Methodist minister who has been with the Fellowship since 1956. Now vice-president in charge of fund raising, his views are representative of the growing concern within the FCA about the organization's values. "I see a danger of our being overly evangelistic," Morris says. "It's important for us to understand where we stand. We're not breaking new ground. We're not even reaching the uncommitted kid. The boy we get almost always has been raised in a church, his Mom and Dad are members. We provide a strengthening process, the identification of a peer group. We get these kids to camp, we get them

to play together on a team, and their trust factors go up. Through this athletic camaraderie you have an affirming process and, unfortunately, in life we don't get affirmed too often, do we? We ought to understand that what the FCA does best is affirm, not evangelize."

These sentiments have not always been a factor in FCA policy. A pro star who once was active in the Fellowship explains why he eventually was driven from it. "First of all," he says, "you can't use my name. I'll be quoted on anything else. If I were into cannibalism or polygamy, I'd come out and say it, but if you use my name here I'm going to get a thousand letters from the South telling me I'm going to hell and offering to save me again, and I just don't need it. They don't let go. Those FCA guys get their teeth in you, and they never quit. Anyway, they never quit when you're on top. Have a bad season, and they lose a lot of interest in your soul."

"I remember one time when I was playing in college and on top, and I got a telephone call from FCA headquarters asking me to go speak at a conference in Florida a couple of days later. I had an exam or something, and they're asking me to fly 6,000 miles, back and forth across the country. They wanted to show me off. I said, 'Please, not this time, I'm busy.' They said, 'What's the matter, son, aren't you a Christian anymore?' I'm 20 years old, trying to get my head on straight, and those dudes were giving me this. I didn't get that much pressure from college recruiters, or when I was drafted by the pros. They're never satisfied. No matter how good a talk you gave, afterward somebody would come up and say you only used the word 'Jesus' six times or eight times or whatever. 'Don't be afraid to come to Christ, son.' Pretty soon I began to see who the real Christians were."

FCA officials admit that athletes were unfairly pressured in the past but maintain that such practices no longer are tolerated.

Nowadays, the huge FCA breakfasts, which are held in conjunction with college and high school conventions and at various bowl games, have much the same air as an ABC cocktail party or a presentation for Converse or Wilson Sporting Goods. Sport is a big, diversified corporation, and Jesus has become a healthy

continues

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But the FCA has begun to serve as successor and counsel, a corporate pastor, for its weary and heavy-laden, even its fallen angels. In the old days it had no truck with losers, but Fellowship personnel now spend a significant portion of their time bolstering members who are experiencing hard times—a coach under alumni pressure, an injured player, a guy in a slump, even a coach under NCAA investigation. A call was placed to Bobby Bonds, the baseball star, after a drunk-driving arrest, asking if help could be provided.

The Fellowship has gone through several stages of development and personality. In 1947 a young Oklahoma A&M student, Don McClanen, had the idea for such an organization. He got nowhere for several years. Finally he hooked his car and bought an airplane ticket to Pittsburgh, where he went to the Pirates' office to see Branch Rickey. The Mahatma was known as a Christian gentleman of the first water, a man who honored a promise to his dead mother that he would never never desecrate the Sabbath by attending a game.

McClanen was granted a two-minute session with Rickey, but he was so convincing that the interview stretched into five hours as McClanen shared with Rickey the idea of organized athletic evangelism. On each telling of this tale, McClanen is represented as *showing* his idea. This is the code word in Sportianity. People don't preach or evangelize, sell or push. God forbid that they should ever hustle. What they do is share. In any event, Rickey immediately took to McClanen and his ideas and shared with him some sandwiches as they discussed plans for a new type of ministry.

McClanen was eased out once the Fellowship began to take off, and his replacement died soon after his appointment. The great growth of the Fellowship came in the '60s under the aegis of a controversial Texas salesman named James Jeffrey, who could reduce an audience to tears by sharing with it a soupy story about a young football substatute who has a blind father. The kid finally gets to play—and scores the winning TD—the day after his father dies. And here comes the tearjerker finale: "It was the first time my father ever saw me play." As a bal-

lad on 45 LP, *The Blind Man in the Bleachers* surfaced this past autumn, sung by Kenny Starr, and became No. 2 on the Country and Western charts.

Despite his peacock eloquence, Jeffrey was a haphazard administrator, and he was succeeded three years ago by 48-year-old John Erickson who, religious intensity notwithstanding, does not believe so much in hellfire and brimstone as in the bottom line. A Republican stalwart from Wisconsin, he ran for the United States Senate in 1970 and was defeated by the incumbent, William Proxmire. Prior to that, Erickson had served as basketball coach at Wisconsin and then as general manager of the Milwaukee Bucks, presiding over the team at the time when Lew Alcindor announced his conversion to Islam. As heretic the man who holds the most prominent position in Sportianity, Erickson is efficient and distinguished, and even more important for the Fellowship, which has a distinctly regional heritage and stamp, he is of staidly Midwestern Lutheran stock.

The FCA preaches a conservative theology. Often, in fact, the movement is hung up on the petty conduct of individuals. All of Sportianity was thrown into a snafu several years ago when it was revealed that Bill Bradley, an old pet, had taken to relaxing with a cold beer after a hard game. Joe Namath's love life keeps the entire movement in paroxysms of disgust. Yet Sportianity does not question the casual brutality—spearing, clotheslining, gouging—that sends players like Namath to the hospital every year. It does not censure the intemperate behavior of coaches like Woody Hayes and Bobby Knight.

Twice, Pro Athletes Outreach has turned away a bachelor athlete who wished to check in at a conference and share hearing the Word with a girl friend. An official for Athletes In Action says that any married AIA player would be dismissed if he saw an X-rated movie, inasmuch as this would mean he had looked lustfully after a woman (albeit on celluloid) and thus, according to literal scripture, had committed adultery.

Arles Priest of PAO is asked a hypothetical question: suppose the most exemplary man, the most Christlike man in the world, were a pro football player, but this paragon of virtue enjoyed an oc-

casional draft beer and cigar and played some nickel-dime gin rummy with friends. Would PAO want him? Priest thinks some time before answering. "Well, I'm not saying that behavior is right or wrong, but it might offend others, so whereas we'd let him come to our meetings, he could never be a leader, he could never speak out to others." One is reminded of Jonathan Edwards, the Calvinist minister who spearheaded the Great Awakening in 18th-century America. Like Arles Priest, Edwards was inflexible, and demanded very persuasive evidence that a petitioner had received "God's saving grace" before he would permit him communion. Edwards was known, at least until now, as "the last medieval American."

The fear of taking a stand on moral issues is acute in Sportianity. In January 1972 the FCA monthly, *The Christian Athlete*, broke away from the mainstream and ran a cover article equating sport and war—and most graphically, football and war—and the repercussions are still being felt. *The Christian Athlete*, which is put together at FCA national headquarters in Kansas City, wallows in conversion pieces but, these repetitive commercials aside, it is well written and thoughtful.

The article in question, "Sports and War," appeared at a time when Vietnam was still a national issue, when the polls showed Richard Nixon vulnerable to Edmund Muskie—in large part because of the war. The adult FCA constituency, largely conservative, Nixonian and inculturated with what the article labeled the "sports mindset," had a fit, being especially infuriated by photographs vividly juxtaposing sport and war, e.g., injured player—wounded soldier. The editors well appreciated that the piece was provocative and depressing, but they felt that by examining sports morality under a harsh light, by refusing to approach athletics as "a not very subtle form of hero worship," sport could be put in better perspective—a Christian perspective. The FCA was so distressed with the article that censorship was thereafter imposed upon *The Christian Athlete* and, according to close sources, considerable thought was given to firing both the editors, two devout young Christians named Gary Warner and Skip Stogsdill. Four years later the FCA and the edi-

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tors are still loth to discuss the matter.

But everyone in Sportianity is utterly candid in explaining—indeed, justifying—the concept of using athletes to preach the Gospel. John Erickson of FCA says, “If athletes can endorse products, why can’t they endorse a way of life? Athletes and coaches, be it right or wrong, have a platform in this country. Athletes have power, a voice. So, simply, how can we best use this for something constructive in the faith life?”

Erickson and his colleagues take pains to emphasize that they do not believe that God thinks athletes are unique. “God is no respecter of persons, there are no stars for Him,” says the Rev. Billy Zeoli, one of Sportianity’s leading figures. “But the fact is that people view athletes and show-biz people as stars, and we can’t change that. So we say: let’s change the stars, teach them to be right and moral, and then take them to the people.”

The aerobic *Wittenberg Door* took a far different view not long ago: “The word *athlete* is arrogant in a sense. It draws a line. It says here is a group of special people. [We] would like to question . . . the whole thing of the athlete. Just the word and the whole discipline involved reflects our society’s values . . . the winning, the success, the achieving.” At Expo ’72, the evangelistic Woodstock that drew packed houses to the Cotton Bowl, the biggest hand went to Roger Staubach (whose message was that “God has given us good field position”; now we can understand why Landry sends in the plays).

Many churches oppose the evangelical wing outside superstar religion, in varying degrees. Malcolm Boyd, Episcopal priest and author, says, “The celebrity game is antithetical to the deepest meaning of religion. It’s cynical and the misuse of a person. Sure, maybe Roger Staubach, or whoever, knows that he is being used and what for, but the practice is incorrect, the show-buzzing of religion. Religion is ego-tripping with sport.”

“And don’t let these guys tell me they’re merely employing modern methods. Myself, I don’t think it’s very modern to be right back there with Herod. Some of these preachers with the hairspray are about as hip as Innocent III. Billy Graham said that we should be selling Christ like soap. I don’t think

so. I think we should be trying to act like Christ. He never was a celebrity. Jesus Christ was the exact opposite of a superstar.”

John Erickson says, “We think we’ve harnessed hero worship,” and he states that resolutely. It is unlikely that the Fellowship, at least under Erickson, will completely renounce its star cast. The movement away from heroes and into the hinterlands is led by an FCA vice-president, Julian Dyke, who is the single most impressive individual in Sportianity. Dyke was never a big star. He went to a small college, Western Maryland, and then toiled as a high school coach and athletic administrator in Baltimore. His interest in religion came late, and like the kids themselves he was positively starry-eyed at being in the presence of big names when he first attended an FCA summer camp.

People in religion full time tend to be of great faith. They have accepted one huge absolute, and so it is natural that they accept more prosaic things completely. Simple workaday procedures can become as inviolate as belief in the divinity of Jesus. Christ is right, Huddles are right. And so on. That’s the way it is. This type of man is everywhere in Sportianity, so the exception is all the more interesting. In his normal conversation Julian Dyke never says anything stronger than “my goodness,” but in FCA staff meetings he deliberately inserts an occasional “hell” or “damn” to shake up the Holy Joes and bring them in touch with reality. Dyke is as devout as the next fellow in Sportianity, but he possesses an awareness and a healthy skepticism lacking in his colleagues. He doesn’t confuse Jesus with football. Sadly, a lot of the others do. They worship both, it seems, and, after a time, Jesus and football become indistinguishable.

Because religion does deal in absolutes, it is attractive to athletic personnel. Sport is the converse of religion: there is nothing less absolute. You do not know whether you are going to win, lose or get rained out. The men who stay in sport, coaches who make it their career, tend to be conservative and conformist. In their most indefinite world, they seem to seek assurance and comfort in routine and order, and in religion. Marshall McLuhan suggested not long ago that athletic competition is the ultimate confor-

mity. A game is played in an artificial atmosphere in which rules have been made, goals established, and everybody does the same thing. In effect, you win by conforming better than anyone else. It is a fascinating thesis, and one is particularly struck by it upon considering the alliance of religion and sport. Coaches—not the star players—are obviously the people in athletics best suited to share religion. Indeed, the leaders of the various groups in athletic religion sound more like coaches than executives. One always feels that it is not a calendar year for these people, as it is for everyone else, but a season. There is a definite feeling of competition in the air. Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition—and the ammunition is dressed in satin shorts or shoulder pads.

“For a young person,” Julian Dyke says, “the star is a model who probably is irreplaceable.” He pauses for emphasis, but then smiles to introduce a contradiction. “But it is the coach who has the most impact. The coach—more than the teacher, more than the pastor, even more than peers or parents. This is what we find. I’m afraid the negative power of a coach is incredible and too often is overlooked. All the tough-guy stuff, all the winning-is-everything, turns kids away. The toughest thing is to get the coach to tell a boy that he is important, that . . . I love you.”

“To be perfectly honest, I’m not so sure that what we do in the Fellowship has a great deal of depth. Instead, we work with what is already there, by osmosis, showing these kids a great deal of love and concern. Evangelism is often attacked, especially by those who feel that religion should be more involved with social activism. I think we’re getting into a new type of evangelism here, though, one that succeeds through fellowship.”

## NEXT WEEK

*As athletes are used as ministers, so do others minister to athletes. While Sportianity can’t make a dent in baseball, the Rev. Billy Zeoli leads a phalanx of clergymen into football and baseball locker rooms, where prayer is a function of “team unity” and the players and chaplains talk a great deal about the Seventh Commandment.*

During his 21 seasons in Baltimore, Brooks Robinson has been baseball's nonpareil third baseman, a player whose defensive excellence has made him an All-Star and a favorite of Oriole fans even in seasons when his hitting was a good bit less than spectacular.

Robinson has won 16 consecutive Gold Gloves and his major league records for third basemen include 8,683 errorless chances accepted, 605 double plays and the highest career fielding average (.971) for 1,000 or more games. However, no statistic adequately delineates Robinson's mastery of his position. His glove work has to be seen to be appreciated, and during his long career he has tended to save his best plays for All-Star Games, playoffs and World Series when he was in full view of the nation. In fact, the stop that is widely regarded as his most miraculous occurred in the first game of the 1970 Series against Cincinnati. With the score tied in the sixth, Lee May (now an Oriole) slashed the ball between Robinson and the bag. It seemed a sure extra-base hit until Robinson lunged to backhand the careening ball. His momentum carried him into foul territory, where he spun and threw to first without looking. His one-hop toss beat May by inches.

Last season, when he was 38, Robinson led the major leagues' regular third basemen in fielding percentage, and in his first six games this year he did not commit an error. Nonetheless, he may not be playing third for the Orioles much longer. The glove man's glove is obviously sound, but his bat is betraying him. A steady and sometimes splendid hitter during most of his career, Robinson now has to recover from a miserable year—he batted only .201 in 1975—if he is to remain a Baltimore regular, or he must rely on his teammates to hit well enough that he can be kept in the lineup strictly for his defense. Early indications are discouraging on both counts. At the end of last week, Robinson had just one hit, and the Orioles, who are expected to be in contention for the championship of the American League East, had a modest 3-3 record, mainly because they had failed to score many runs.

Fighting cold weather, Catfish Hunter, Luis Tiant and other miseries during a

## Good field, no more hit

**Brooks Robinson, a poor batter last season, faces a trial at the plate**

five-game home stand that opened the season, Baltimore had a .200 team hitting average and an even more wretched .239 team slugging percentage. The Orioles produced a total of just nine runs and failed to score in all but four of their first 43 innings. Of Baltimore's 31 hits,

only five were for extra bases. None were home runs. Before the Orioles left on a seven-game road trip, the hottest thing going at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium was a Chevy burning in the parking lot on the night of a 7-1 loss to the Yankees. And their fortunes improved only slightly during their first away game in Oakland. The Orioles won 6-1, but had only five hits and three earned runs.

All of which may have helped Reggie Jackson as much as it hurt Robinson, whose average was .053 after the defeat of the A's. Jackson is Baltimore's reluctant rightfielder who has not signed a contract with the Orioles since he was traded to them from Oakland three weeks ago. If Baltimore's power hitting continues to be minimal, Jackson's bargaining power may get better than that of an Arabian oil sheik.

The Orioles' lack of slugging and Jackson's absence could combine to reduce the amount of time Robinson has to regain his batting stroke. There are those who insist no amount of time will help Robinson, that he is finished as a hitter. Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver does not include himself in that group but he admits that his first change if he needs to improve the Orioles' offense probably would come at third base, where 25-year-old Doug DeCinces is Robinson's heir apparent. A good glove man, although hardly Robinson's equal, DeCinces hit .251 in 61 games as a rookie last year. His average after July 24 was a strong .280.

This spring Robinson said, "I figure I've got about 35 or 40 games to show Earl that I can still hit. If I can't do it anymore, I'll just quit." He subsequently tempered that statement. Now Robinson says he is unlikely to terminate his career before the season ends, no matter how poorly he hits.

That will leave it up to Weaver to decide whether Robinson remains a regular. "He probably can't hit with the power he had when he was younger," the manager says. "Other than that, we're expecting Brooksie to do everything he's always done. You never know when a guy has reached the end of his career. The only way to find out is to let him go out there and play. In 1969 Brooks hit .234. It was an off-year, a terrible year,



ROBBY'S HEADACHE: A .053 AVERAGE

continued

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for the guy, but we won the division by 19 games. He came back with five good years after that, and in 1974 he was the second-best among our regulars with a .288 average. That was only the season before last, and I can't believe Brookside has lost his hitting that quick."

As for a trial period, Weaver says, "I guess the bad thing would be us getting into a slump as a team and having to make a move at third base earlier than I would like. There's no such thing as a certain number of games, but there has to be a certain number to make sure Brooks gets a fair shot. I'd like it to be 162 games, but it can't be that long if we're losing and need offense. If we're winning, if we're in first place, and if Brooks is doing the job defensively, there's no reason for us to make a change. And I'm not conceding that he can't hit. He hasn't lost any of his ability, his eyesight or his quickness, which makes me feel he can still do the things up at home plate."

Robinson is equally reluctant to buy the theory that his offensive skills are gone, even though he admits his career is now a year-to-year proposition.

"I'm going to play this year, and then sit down and decide what I'm going to do next year," he says. "I may play one or two or three or four or five more seasons. I don't have any set timetable. If I don't hit and somebody else plays, I'm still going to be here for at least the rest of this year trying to help them with what I can do."

"Defensively I'm playing just as well as I ever have. I feel that I'm moving just as well, that the reflexes are there, that I'm making all the same plays I've always made."

"Sure, I hit almost .290 in 1974, then I went to .201 last year, but I don't believe that means I'm over the hill. I just don't think you go from .290 to .201 without some explanation other than just losing it. I got into some bad habits last year and never got straightened out. Now I've put a lot of pressure on myself because I know I've got to come back and hit much better if I'm going to continue to play."

Toward that goal, Robinson is concentrating on being more aggressive with the bat. "I have to try to force it more than I did before," he says. "I tell myself on almost every pitch, 'You've really got to be ready, you've got to get the bat out there and get it.'"

Those are hardly the words of a man resigned to being a defensive specialist. And the pressure Robinson feels as he attempts to regain his stroke is sometimes reflected in his temperament, which long has been one of the most even in baseball. "I really want to do well," he says. "As a result, I'm probably up or down more than I normally would be. When I do well, I really appreciate it. When I don't, I think about it a lot more than I used to."

Fans in Baltimore, who have known for years that even if Robinson struck out, he would be at third ready to make amends with his glove, also are thinking about his failures at the plate a lot more than they used to. There cannot be many more stretches like the one Robinson and his fellow Orioles have suffered through during the early days of this season, or he will be sitting on the bench. Now that's something that will take a lot of getting used to.

## THE WEEK

(April 11-17)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

### NL EAST

Bells hopped out of Eastern parks like a bunch of Easter bunnies. The most resounding thumper of all was Mike Schmidt of the Phillies, who had been demoted from third to sixth in the batting order because he was hitting .167. Schmidt drove in eight runs and socked four consecutive home runs in an 18-16 mauling of the Cubs. (Only three other major-leaguers have ever hit four straight in one game: Bobby Lowe in 1894, Lou Gehrig in 1932 and Rocky Colavito in 1959.) The Cubs led 13-2 in the fourth, but eventually were done in by Schmidt's fourth blast, a two-run line drive to left-center in the 10th. Earlier Jim Lomborg of Philadelphia (2-2) notched his first victory since last July by stopping the Expos 8-2 on six hits.

The Cubs (3-2) slugged seven homers, but gave up 11. Three were tape-measure pokes by Dave Kingman of the Mets (2-4), a 600-foot smash in a 6-5 loss to the Cubs and 450- and 500-foot clouts that polished off Chicago 10-8. Kingman had five home runs during the week, the last in a 17-1 romp in which Jerry Koosman beat the Pirates for the 20th time in his career.

Dave Parker drove across five runs as Pittsburgh (4-1) drubbed St. Louis 14-6, and Doc Medich made his National League debut a success by squelching the Mets 3-1.

The Expos spoiled Mickey Lolich's league

debut, beating the Mets 7-6. Montreal (2-2) also put down Philadelphia 8-5, thanks to strong relief work by Wayne Granger and a superlative back-to-the-plate catch by Centerfielder Jerry White.

Dressed in their new "victory blue" uniforms, the Cardinals wound up blue—and victoryless—in their first two games wearing them. They were thrashed 14-4 and 9-3 by the Pirates. Then Ted Simmons had three RBIs in a 4-3 win over the Expos.

PIT 5-1 CUB 4-2 NY 4-4

PHIL 2-3 MONT 2-4 ST. L. 5-4

### NL WEST

"If the Reds have any weakness, it's the third-string catcher on their Indianapolis farm team," said Giant Manager Bill Rigney. That was not quite accurate, for the world champions were hampered slightly by bees, non-hitting by first-string Catcher Johnny Bench, nonpitching by Don Gullett and even by friendship as they won three of five. Right before the start of a game with the Giants, about 10,000 bees invaded Riverfront Stadium, many of them buzzing around the visitors' bat rack. The game was delayed half an hour until two fans familiar with bees coaxed them into a makeshift cardboard hive. Fred Norman then took the sting out of the Giant bats with an 11-0 four-hitter.

Bench, hitless in 21 at bats, ended perhaps his worst-ever slump in that game with one of the 17 doubles the Reds hit during the week, but erstwhile stopper Gullett remained unsigned and not in good enough condition to pitch. Joe Morgan tried to help his friend Jerry Royster of the Braves, who was 0 for 14, by giving him one of his bats. Royster repaid the kindness by whacking out four hits as the Braves whipped the Reds 10-5. Meanwhile, Morgan did some lusty hitting of his own, bating .412. Also contributing mightily were Pete Rose (.571) and 10 runs scored) and Ken Griffey (.454 and 10 RBIs).

Atlanta, which has undergone a 60° roster turnover since last season, was 3-2. Two wins were picked up by former Phillie Dick Ruthven, who beat the Dodgers 3-1 and had three RBIs as he stepped the Padres 4-2.

Ken Forsch of Houston (5-1) pitched impressively, too. Forsch had two saves all last year. Last week he had four. James Rodney Richard, whose two wins were preserved by Forsch, summed up the exhilaration of victory, saying, "It's like love. There are a lot of ways to describe it, but you can never explain the full meaning." Three Astro wins came against the Giants, who stranded 27 runners. The only solace for San Francisco was a 14-7 pummeling of Cincinnati.

Also having trouble were the Dodgers. Burt Hooton, who won his final 12 decisions last year, lost to San Diego 8-5, base-stealing champion Davey Lopes was out with a pulled rib muscle and it even rained on the

continued

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Dodger opener for the first time since the team moved West in 1958. Los Angeles, which had a .769 spring-training record, ran its losing streak to five games before Doug Rau held off the Braves 5-1. But there was comfort to be found in Tommy John's 5-1 loss to Atlanta. John, who pitched for the first time since rupturing a ligament in his left arm on July 17, 1974, gave up just five hits in five innings before weakening. Reliever Mike Marshall, who rarely talks to reporters, went out of his way to tell the press, "What Tommy did is the greatest accomplishment I've ever seen."

Randy Jones of San Diego (2-1) also pitched commendably, beating Los Angeles 3-1 with what the Dodgers called "junk." In two starts, last season's ERA leader has yielded just two earned runs and 12 singles and has induced batters to hit 30 grounders.

GIN 5-2 HOUS 6-3 ATL 4-2  
SD 3-4 SF 3-4 LA 5-3

**AL WEST** While other owners assessed their newly acquired personnel in terms of power and speed, Oakland's Charles D. Finley said of the newest member of his team, "She's an Irish girl with the most beautiful black eyes you ever saw." Finley was speaking of Laurie Brady, an astrologer from Chicago who, he feels, will somehow assist his A's. Before she was hired the A's had won three of four games. With Brady, Oakland was ill-starred, losing its next three outings. Sweeping its series from the A's and supplanting them in first place were the Rangers (3-2). Complete-game wins were pitched by Nelson Briles, Steve Barr and Gaylord Perry, who gave up a total of just 14 hits and four runs. Briles, who won only six games for the Royals last season, and Barr, a left-hander obtained in the deal that sent Ferguson Jenkins to Boston, both tossed four-hitters.

Chicago's Rich Gossage, the league's 1975 Fireman of the Year, moved into the starting rotation and downed Minnesota 4-1 on three hits. Said Manager Paul Richards, "It will be very rare that I ever relieve with him." Four days later Richards relieved with Gossage, who was shelled for four runs in a 7-1 loss to Boston. Five White Sox errors led to a 6-2 loss to the Twins, who were pleased to get 7½ innings of strong pitching from Joe Deckert. For Deckert, who was plagued by assorted miseries last season, it was his first win in more than a year.

Another question-mark pitcher, Nolan Ryan of the Angels (3-3), was superb. Ryan, who underwent off-season surgery on his right elbow, was as fast as ever, throttling the Royals 5-1 on four hits and striking out nine. Ed Herrmann's two homers led California over the Royals 7-6, and Andy Etchebarren took care of the Tigers 6-5, first tying the game in the ninth with a

pinch single, then winning it in the 11th with another hit.

With Al Fitzmorris winning twice and Freddie Patek hitting .467, Kansas City won three of five games. The Royals stole 10 bases, three by the 5'4" Patek, who has slimmed down 29 pounds to 142.

TEX 5-2 GHI 3-2 KC 3-3  
OAK 3-4 CAL 3-5 MINN 2-5

**AL EAST** At 1 a.m. the day before he was to be New York's starting pitcher at the reopening of Yankee Stadium, Rudy May went to the park to pick up his luggage after returning from a game in Baltimore. He also inspected the field by the light of a full moon. "It looked like Yellowsone Park. We'll see which hitters reach out there," he said, referring to the 430-foot mark in left center. Thirty-seven hours and five pitches later, Dan Ford of the Twins almost reached that spot. After walking the first batter on four pitches, May served up a gopher ball on his first delivery to Ford, whose clout landed far beyond the wall as left. But the Yankees rallied for an 11-4 win.

Two days later, a few hours after being named the first Yankee captain since Lou Gehrig, Thurman Munson became the first New Yorker to homer in the renovated park. His shot started Ed Figueroa on his way to a 10-0 victory over the Twins. Other winners in a 4-0 week for the Yankees were Catfish Hunter, who beat the Orioles 3-0, and Dock Ellis, who grounded the Birds 7-1.

Errors cost Detroit a pair of one-run decisions. But in his first American League start, Dave Roberts defeated the Angels 2-0.

The only bright spot for the weak-hitting Orioles (1-3) was Jim Palmer's 6-1, three-hit victory over Oakland.

Milwaukee, which had to postpone a pair of games because of bad weather, won the only two it played. Jim Stoen silenced Detroit on two hits, notting the last 23 batters in order as he hurled his second shutout in as many starts. Jim Colborn and Eduardo Rodriguez then defeated Texas 3-1.

Boston's Luis Tiant won twice, 6-2 over Baltimore and 7-1 over Chicago, and last season's outstanding rookies took up fight where they left off. Fred Lynn hit .353, Jim Rice batted .400, and each homered as Boston won three of five.

Cleveland fielders helped Boston to a 7-4 win, committing five errors, deflecting a double-play ball and losing three flies in the gusty Fenway winds. Indian Leftfielder Charlie Spikes and Centerfielder Rick Manning sprinted past each other in opposite directions as batted balls eluded them for a triple and double. Cleveland came back the next day to club Boston's Ferguson Jenkins 6-5.

NY 6-1 MIL 3-1 BALF 3-3  
DET 2-2 BOS 3-4 CLEVE 1-4

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## Riding for a fall at Pimlico

So it seemed, but rumors flew as a woman jockey lay gravely injured



Karin Yarosh got caught in a tight squeeze between the rail and Barry Sasser's mount.



the circumstances that led up—and in some ways contributed—to her mishap lend new currency to another old bugaboo word that still applies to thoroughbred racing: prejudice.

When Diane Crump first broke the sex barrier at Hialeah way back on Feb. 7, 1969 she seemed to loose a veritable stampede of eager "jockeyettes" who, with pigtailed flying and accompanied by choruses of wolf whistles, won miles of cutesy headlines like "Go-diva, go!" After a few attempts to "boycott the broads," some sneering asides ("What's next? Topless go-go riders?") and a lot of grumbling about job security and the risks of matching muscles with the weaker sex, male jockeys gradually acquiesced to such promotional frippery as the "Jack 'n Jill Handicap."

Today female jockeys are no longer news. Nor is the grudging acceptance they have won from most of their male counterparts. But make no mistake; if anything, the instant notoriety that greeted the women's break from the starting gate seven years ago has obscured the fact that by and large they have been languishing somewhere in the backstretch ever since. (There are notable exceptions: Denise Boudrot is one of the leading riders in New England.) And acceptance does not mean approval, in many instances it simply means that the men do not regard the ladies as a threat.

How can they be, complains Belinda Cole, one of three women currently riding at Chicago's Sportsman's Park, when "just finding somebody to give you a start is half the battle? There are tons of exercise girls who would love to be riders but no one will give them a start." Echoing a common lament, she adds, "As a rider I find my trouble in getting mounts stems from the owners. Many times they insist on a 'strong rider'"—the stock euphemism for no sidesaddlers need apply.

The going is slow for other reasons as well. Jennifer Rowland, the top female rider on the Maryland circuit, says, "There's still a problem with a lot of the horses. Trainers don't want girls and they give you horses going off form as a last-ditch operation, a last attempt to get a purse. We get a large percentage of sore horses and reguets or horses that have gone sour."

The race in which Karin Yarosh was injured was in fact made up of a dozen questionable horses who had never won. Along with Jennifer Rowland, she was one of four women jockeys who went off in a field that included six inexperienced riders. Starting on the inside, Karin kept her mount, a 4-year-old filly named Cione, on the rail. Lying sixth as she neared the half-mile pole, Karin was passed on the outside by No Beef, ridden by another apprentice jockey, Barry Sasser. As Sasser moved into the turn, Patrol Judge Richard Friedman, who was watching from his stand 25 yards away, barked into his headset, "The six horse coming in tight on the one."

At that moment Cione bumped No Beef's hindquarter, bounced off the rail and fell, throwing Karin into the path of Rowland's horse, which unavoidably trampled her. When Friedman rushed to her assistance, she was still conscious moaning, "Please help me, help me." Rushed to Sinai Hospital with a hoof-print under her right arm, she was in surgery for nearly five hours. Her gall-bladder and two-thirds of her liver were removed. Also suffering six broken ribs and a perforated lung, she received 37 pints of blood, much of it contributed by jockeys and track employees.

Though No Beef, who finished third, was disqualified for interfering with Cione, the next day the Pimlico stewards, after studying the films with a group of 20 jockeys, ruled that Sasser was blameless. Chief Steward J. Fred Colwill ex-

continued



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plained, "The boy made every effort to keep from bothering the other horse."

And so the matter rested until the next morning when the *Washington Post*, in an interview with Annelese Castrenze, Karin's mother, reported that the stricken girl had been receiving "death threats" from other jockeys. "I hope it was an accident," the mother said, "because she's been getting threats for three weeks from the boys, saying, 'We're going to drop you!'" Later, the mother also said that after one recent race "a man in a black Continental yelled at her, 'We're going to get you . . . the Mafia.' I told her I thought it was just someone who had bet against her."

"I wouldn't try to drop anybody for any damn \$300 in purse money," says Sesser, a 23-year-old from Pensacola, Fla. "I was trying to stay out and give her a shot. I was taking a chance of myself going down. And, believe me, I don't have anything against girl jocks. They do better than some of the boys. Hell, my agent's a girl and she's the best one I ever had." The accident also reopened the old argument that in a crisis a mere slip of a girl hasn't the strength to manage a 1,000-pound animal going full charge. Jockey Tony Agnello was the most outspoken. "There's a bunch of them [women] riding out there who are a menace," he said. "Their reflexes are slow. There aren't a handful of girls in the whole country who can ride a little bit."

After the spill Karin's 17-year-old brother Charlie, who works as a groom

at Pimlico, produced a penciled note that he said his sister had scribbled before being put under heavy sedation at the hospital. In part the shaky script asked, "Did the other jocks say he did it on purpose, too?"

Veteran riders like Bill Passmore, George Cusimano and Herberto Hinojosa not only excused Sesser, they also told how they had repeatedly advised the pensive blonde to mend her rambunctious ways and take fewer chances. "Karin had this bad habit," Passmore said. "She'd get on the rail and run up behind you and holler at you to move. We all told her that you just can't go through a wall of horses that way but she'd keep trying. And that was her problem. That little girl tried too hard to win, that's all. And unfortunately, I guess she mistook our advice for a threat. It's sad but everybody knew that it was just a matter of time until she went down."

Time was a commodity that Karin Yarosh could not spare. Hooked on horses from the day her stepfather Charles Castrenze, a clet at the Holiday Inn in Aberdeen, Md., first took her to the track as a toddler, she began working weekends at Laurel Race Course during her senior year in high school. She was painfully aware that the boy jockeys were getting all the best breaks, and she often said, "Is it a crime that I was born a girl?"

Striving to show her grit and daring, she played football with the stableboys, drove cars and motorcycles at breakneck

speeds and once, on a dare, climbed to the precarious upper reaches of the Laurel water tower. "Karin's tough," says her stocky brother Charlie. "I never get her angry anymore because the last time I did she hit me in the mouth and chopped my tooth."

Charles Lewis, a trainer who held Karin's contract when she first became an apprentice, says, "She's a fighter, a real fighter. Trouble was, she had a little success sneaking through on the rail and she kept trying to repeat it no matter what. The little girl is in a sense a thrill seeker, a little bit of a daredevil. That's not all bad in racing but it tended to get her into places she shouldn't be. She believed she had set up a little fear in these riders, which can be good psychology if exercised with discretion. But discretion was not her way."

A deeply religious girl who donates 25% of all her earnings to Joan of Arc Church in Aberdeen, Karin has been hustling her own mounts of late, saying, "God is my agent." Two weeks before her spill she reiterated her goal in life to a friend. "My dream," she said, "is to have people accept me as a jockey and forget that I'm a girl."

Jennifer Rowland, for one, is sensitive to the competitive climate in thoroughbred racing that impels young girls like Karin to try to live up to some supposedly manly standard. "Karin's absolutely fearless," says Jennifer, "but she also can be reckless. That's why some of the guys asked me to talk to her. We almost had a bad wreck ourselves once and I got mad at her, really mad. I tried to impress on her that she couldn't go through holes that didn't exist. She wants to win so badly that she gets excited and loses her awareness. When I told her that just a few days before her accident, she apologized and said, 'Yeah, you're right, I'm going to kill myself someday if I don't watch out.'"

Jennifer, who has suffered several injuries including two separated shoulders and three broken collarbones in her five-year career, suggests that the one reason Karin is so daring is "because she hasn't been hurt that much. You know, she didn't have the memory of a painful experience, that little trigger that says, 'No, don't do that.'"

Still in critical condition at week's end, Karin Yarosh has had her painful experience. The hope is that she will be able to profit from it by riding again. **ENO**

LAST MONTH YAROSH MADE IT TO THE WINNER'S CIRCLE AT PIMLICO ON NAILE STAR





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## Attack from both sides

**The Cornell-Johns Hopkins game featured the nation's three top guns. In winning, the Big Red proved that two barrels are far better than one**

The two best attacks of this—and perhaps any—collegiate lacrosse season belong to Johns Hopkins and Cornell. Which of the two is better had been a matter of speculation until last week when the guessing was brought to an abrupt end during a game between the schools at Homewood Field in Baltimore. The clear-cut winner was Cornell, which not only displayed a high-scoring offense but also enough defense that it now must be considered the front-runner for the NCAA title.

The two attacks had met once before. That was midway through last season, when Hopkins was ranked No. 1 in the country and Cornell was rated second. In front of 12,000 hometown fans in Ithaca, N.Y., the Big Red suffered a particularly disappointing 16-9 loss. The Hopkins attackmen clearly carried that day, outscoring their Cornell counterparts 12-5. But the Big Red had been awesome in the early going this season, averaging 22 goals a game while running roughshod over all five of its opponents, and last week's match was considered a toss-up.

These two attack units are so strong that the game in Baltimore was almost overshadowed by the preoccupation with them. Three of the six starting attackmen—Cornell's Mike French and Eamon McEneaney and Hopkins' Franz Wittelsberger—made up last season's first-team All-America unit and will undoubtedly repeat this year. French set an NCAA scoring record in 1975 with 97 points, yet it was McEneaney who won the Turnbull Award as the nation's outstanding attackman. And it was Wittelsberger who, many observers felt, should have won the award. The other three starters on attack—the Blue Jays' Mike O'Neill and Richie Hirsch and the Big Red's Jon Levine—were on the second, third and honorable-mention All-America teams, respectively. Although the two coaches, Chic Ciccarone of Hopkins and Richie Moran of Cornell, were cautious in their praise, both acknowledged that these attackmen were very possibly the finest group ever to appear together in a college game.

Among the six, Wittelsberger has gained the most fame—perhaps infamy would be a better way to put it—primarily

because he has come to be regarded as the Dave Schultz of his sport. Traditionally, attackmen are slight of build and are bullied by Brobdignagian defensemen. At 6'2" and 215 pounds, Wittelsberger frequently has turned the tables, and lacrosse traditionalists seem unwilling to accept the fact that turnabout is fair play.

Off the field Wittelsberger, a senior, seems too amiable for his reputation. Last season he wore a mustache that he expanded into a beard this fall, but now he is clean-shaven. "All that stuff made me look too old too soon," he says. In truth, a steadily enlarging forehead is adding more years to his appearance than the facial hair had.

Incipient baldness and a sharp razor have failed to convince the lacrosse establishment that Wittelsberger is not some great hairy monster, although his unsavory reputation is founded largely on a matter of interpretation. The rules of lacrosse allow a player to hit an opponent who is within five yards of the ball. Traditionally that has been interpreted to mean that bone-jarring checks are appropriate when the opponent is closing in on the ball, but as Wittelsberger likes to point out, it also means that a bruising hit is perfectly legal when the man and the ball have recently part-

ed company. Thus, he has delivered some memorable blows that have been adjudged "late hits." The most notable of them was planned last year on Virginia's All-America Goaltender Rodney Rullman; after that shot, Rullman retired from the game and, to hear Wittelsberger's detractors tell it, very nearly from this earth. "That sort of play is bad for the sport,"

means one of lacrosse's purists, and it is widely believed that the only reason Wit-

*continued*



NCAA SCORING CHAMP FRENCH HAD THREE UNAIDED GOALS



WITTELSBERGER WAS LEFT HOPPING MAD

teltsberger did not receive enough votes to win the Turnbull trophy last year was because sportsmanship is considered one of the criteria for the award.

The winner of the trophy, McEneaney, is a junior who weighs only 150 pounds, but is as cocky as Wittelsberger is combative. Asked last week what might make the difference for Cornell in the game against Hopkins, he answered, "Eamon McEneaney."

Indeed, McEneaney was the Blue Jays' main concern. Moran calls him a "dynamic player" and says, "If he were playing in plaster of Paris, he'd still make things happen." The fast-talking Moran did not stop to explain what his star attackman might be doing knee-deep in plaster, but there is no question that is where Big Red opponents would like to put him. Primarily a feeder, McEneaney is exceptionally quick and very adept at shaking loose from one defender, draw-

ing another one to him, then flicking a pass to an open teammate—frequently French—for a goal. This pattern has worked so well this season that French, a 6'2", 190-pound senior from Canada who had played only indoor lacrosse before coming to Cornell, is maintaining a pace that will break the NCAA scoring record he set last year, which in turn broke the NCAA scoring record he set in 1974.

For Moran the Hopkins game clearly meant more than a chance to redeem the reputation of his attack. On the surface, the Cornell coach is a most relaxed man and a noted prankster of the fraternity-house genre. He recently sent a new team manager back to the gym for a bucket of steam—so the players could "steam their sticks." Despite his usual joking, his players had good reason to believe that Moran especially wanted a win over Hopkins. He invariably cautions his team to play one game at a time, so he was noticeably out of character early last week when he told his players during the halftime of an easy win over Syracuse, "We have this game to get over with, then we have to get ready for Hopkins." On the night before the game in Baltimore, he said, "I'm 0-3 against Hopkins. [Cornell was 1-9-1 in games against the Blue Jays dating back to 1894.] I'm sure Chris has told his players that. I certainly have told mine."

The big question mark for Cornell was how its three sophomore defensemen, Robert Katz, Chris Kane and Frank Muehleman—all of whom had been ineligible to play in 1975 because of a recently lifted Ivy League ban against freshman participation in varsity team sports—and a junior goalie, Dan Mackeey, who saw little action last year, would hold up against the Hopkins attack. Moran felt that the opening minutes would be the most important part of the game. "If we allow Hopkins to put real strong pressure on our defense immediately, we'll have trouble," he said. "We've got to let those sophomores get the feel of the game."

The early going went exactly as Moran had hoped. While building a 3-1 lead, the Cornell offense played a more deliberate game than usual in order to control the ball and ease its defense into the action. Then goals by Wittelsberger and O'Neill tied the score at 3-3 at the end of the first quarter.

Hopkins soon moved ahead by scores

of 4-3 and 5-4, but just as the Blue Jays seemed ready to widen their margin, one of Cornell's tri-captains, Bill Marino, scooped up a loose ball near midfield and raced unchallenged to the Hopkins goal to tie the score again. "It was 95' out there," said Moran, noting the record temperature in Baltimore. "Still, Billy ran 80 yards with the ball and shot it in the goal without ever breaking stride. He looked like Citation." Twenty-eight seconds later French put Cornell back into the lead with an unassisted goal.

Hopkins rallied once more, this time tying the score on an O'Neill-assisted goal with 5:30 to play in the first half, but that was the Blue Jays' last gasp. McEneaney put the Big Red into the lead for good 55 seconds later, and in the final 33 seconds of the half Cornell scored two more goals, one of them an unassisted effort by French, to open a 9-6 lead.

Incredibly, Hopkins' attack did not score again. The Blue Jays' only goal in the second half was made by freshman Defenseman Mike Sheedy on a fast break. In fact, Hopkins' high scorers rarely got the ball. Cornell's Brian Lasda repeatedly controlled face-offs—he won 16 of 24—a factor Moran cited as crucial in keeping pressure off his defense. Nor could Hopkins clear the ball out of its end of the field with any regularity. In all, Cornell broke 14 of Hopkins' clears, evidence that the Big Red attackmen and midfielders are aggressive riders as well as good shooters.

When Hopkins was able to get the ball past midfield, Cornell's well-rested defense showed total disdain for Hopkins' reputation for picking apart pressure defenses. The Big Red swarmed the man with the ball and intimidated the Blue Jays into bad passes and sloppy stick work. Wittelsberger became so frustrated that he started taking wild shots, drew two slashing fouls and finally went to the bench. Meanwhile, McEneaney added two assists and another goal and French popped in his third unassisted score as Cornell methodically tallied three goals in each of the final two periods to seal a 15-7 win.

"What can I say?" Ciccarone conceded. "They won the war of the attacks today. There's no doubt about that. It's one-to-one now. I just hope we get another chance." That could happen in the NCAA tournament, and if it does, the result should be a shootout that even Wyatt Earp would not want to miss. **END**



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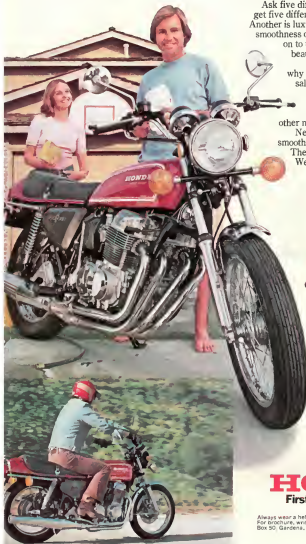
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## One double order of Big Macs

Fans had a feast watching McAdoo and Buffalo nip McGinnis and Philadelphia in the playoffs

For fast-food and fast-break freaks alike, last week's NBA qualifying series between Buffalo and Philadelphia was made in Hamburger Heaven. Big Mac vs. Big Mac, Bob McAdoo of the Braves vs. George McGinnis of the 76ers—a confrontation people could sink their teeth into.

Strategies did not allow the lean Buffalo center and the muscular Philadelphia forward to confront each other often, the two of them scoring, rebounding and intimidating like circus stars in separate rings. Still, it was the success and failure of each that dictated the success and failure of their respective teams, and in the final game of the best-of-three series McAdoo and his Braves prevailed

since 1971. "It's important to know how to prepare yourself mentally," said 76er Guard Doug Collins. Reassuring advice was hard to find, though. Brave Forward Jim McMillian, a veteran of five playoffs and an NBA championship with Los Angeles, admitted, "After all these years I still feel the pressure. Mentally it kills you. And even if you win, you can't enjoy it while you're out on the court."

Philadelphia's edge was supposed to be its superior play at the Spectrum, where it finished 34-7, compared to 12-29 on the road. Buffalo hoped to counter with a barometer of another sort: home or away, it had won 21 of the 24 games in which McMillian scored 20 or more points.

Finding his path blocked by the Philadelphia Mac, Buffalo's Mac passes off to Shumate.

in overtime 124-123.

Buffalo and Philadelphia came into the playoffs as closely matched as twins, from their identical 46-36 records, which put them in a second-place tie behind Boston in the Atlantic Division, to their shared defense-be-damned style of play. And although the 76ers had won four of the seven regular-season games, no one was saying they were superior. "We're equal," said Philadelphia Coach Gene Shue. "Neither of us has a real advantage over the other." Even the intangibles seemed to balance out, since the Braves had the playoff experience, the 76ers the advantage of two games at home.

This was Buffalo's third straight postseason appearance and Philadelphia's first

Everyone knew, of course, that the most important factors would be the number of points McAdoo and McGinnis scored. While a big game by either did not guarantee a victory, a poor one all but assured a loss. "If I don't play well, we won't win," said McAdoo, who averaged 31.1 points in capturing his third straight scoring championship. McGinnis, who averaged 23 in his first NBA season following four years in the ABA, echoed McAdoo. "When I'm not going right, everybody stands around and waits."


Buffalo's 95-89 victory on Thursday night in the Spectrum seemed to reflect these indices. The Braves won because McAdoo was brilliant (36 points, 21 rebounds and four blocked shots) and McMillian outstanding (23 points). The 76ers lost because McGinnis was held to four points in the second half and 20 overall. Philadelphia's home-court advantage became meaningless when several players, notably Collins and Center Harvey Catchings, developed playoff nerves.

Following McGinnis' opening basket the Braves never trailed by more than a point. And they allowed only one 76er, Guard Fred Carter, to surpass his season's average with 30 points. But like McGinnis, Carter was not a factor in the last 15 minutes.

McGinnis claimed personal responsibility for the loss. His showing had nothing to do with defender John Shumate, he said. "I just lost my rhythm when Carter got hot. I can go around Shumate when I want to and I can shoot over him when I want to." Indeed, this was true. On one baseline drive early in the first quarter McGinnis twisted past Shumate into the open and drew a roar from the crowd as he leaped to shoot. The shot, unfortunately, sailed over the backboard.

McGinnis was undaunted. "I'm not disturbed, I'm not upset and I'm not going to lose any sleep," he promised. "We will all play better in Buffalo. I just hope everybody is as confident as me." Mc-

*continued*

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a glass filled with whisky and a large ice cube. The glass sits on a highly reflective silver platter. The lighting creates strong highlights and deep shadows, emphasizing the textures of the glass, the liquid, and the metallic surface of the platter.

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Adoo, meanwhile, worriedly reminded himself of last year's playoff against Washington, when the Braves won the opener on the road, only to lose the next game at home. "We can't let that happen again," he said. "It would be bringing them back to life."

Philadelphia was not about to give up without a fight, though. On Friday, before leaving for Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium, Carter and Collins mugged a 5-foot-tall stuffed Easter bunny standing peacefully in the motel lobby. First Carter, who is not called Mad Dog for nothing, punched it in the head, twisted its arm and bent its ears. Then the other perpetrator, Collins, put a head lock on it. To his credit, the rabbit never said a word.

But those rabbit punches were nothing compared to the beating the 76ers gave to the Braves. They went ahead to stay midway through the first period, built a 15-point halftime lead, withstood a second-half rally which cut the margin to six and finally won 131-106. "We played absolutely sapper," said Shue. "It was our best game of the year." Buffalo Coach Jack Ramsay praised Philadelphia's "aggressiveness in every department," which was especially appropriate since bunny muggers Carter and Collins scored 22 and 20 points apiece.

McGinnis and McAdoo reversed their roles of the previous night, George scoring 34 points and Bob shooting poorly for 21. On one of the rare occasions they played head on, McGinnis faked right once, faked right twice and then canned a 20-foot in-your-face jumper. "Bob didn't play very well," said McGinnis. Bob agreed. But even he did not feel as badly as Shumate, who was in the hospital with a mild concussion following a fall in the fourth quarter.

Consecutive wins by the visiting teams seemed to defuse the theory of home-court superiority. The best explanation was offered by 76er veteran Billy Cunningham, who has been out with a knee injury since December. "When you know you are playing the same team for several games in a row, you can concentrate more," he said. "It's not like playing a different team in a different arena every night. You always work harder in the playoffs, anyway."

Even though the final game was the roughest, most exciting and best played

of the series, it had much in common with the opener. The home team lost. McAdoo had 34 points and 22 rebounds. McMillian scored 25. McGinnis, who fouled out late in the fourth quarter, slumped to 15. But other players made significant contributions. Randy Smith scored 27 for the Braves and Shumate, playing with a four-stitch cut over his eye after a night in the hospital, put in 23. Buffalo's Kenny Charles contributed only eight points, but two of them were free throws, which put the game away in overtime.

Despite McGinnis' weak showing, Philadelphia might easily have won. The 76ers dominated the first half with superior shooting, rebounding and physical play. Ramsay tried one lineup combination after another to keep his team close—and to keep his job, which is said to be in danger—but still the Braves trailed 64-55.

Buffalo roared back in the third quarter when McAdoo regained his shooting touch and Philadelphia lost its cohesiveness. The Braves took a seven-point lead in the fourth period when Shumate powered inside for 11 points. The 76ers had one last surge, however, good enough to give them a two-point lead with six seconds left in regulation play.

## ... AND A PSYCHO SERIES IN THE ABA

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Into the land of Easter enchilada hunts, 10-minute tornadoes and the instant pageantry of Dancing Muñoz rode the New York Nets and their traveling alumni show. San Antonio's daily scandal sheets were belching fire. The Baseline Bums were in full throat. Even black-hatted Ernest Muñoz, a Tex-Mex version of the Establishmentarian sideline hoofer, Dancing Harry, seemed overwhelmed by the variety of his own moves.

What occasioned all this thunder last week was a mere first-round playoff series between the Nets and the San Antonio Spurs. But attrition being what it is these days in the American Basketball Association, it was also a semifinal series. Moreover, it was internecine warfare among new Nets and old Nets and new Spurs and old Spurs. And more than that, if the screaming headlines and frenzied conversation in the local taco par-

The Braves asked McAdoo for the tying points, which is just what they have been doing for several seasons now. He took the inbound pass, drove to the basket, missed, rebounded amidst a collection of bodies and, in a controversial call, was fouled by Clyde Lee. Then he calmly sent the game into overtime by sinking both free throws, even while a fan shook the basket support.

Philadelphia never led in overtime. Buffalo won it on foul shots, the Braves scoring seven of the 36 points they got from the line.

Even in defeat McGinnis remained something of an optimist. "There's always a tomorrow," he said.

Well, not really. Tomorrow for George McGinnis will be several months from now. It is Buffalo which advances into the best-of-seven series against the Celtics, which means going into Boston Garden, where all those championship pennants hang from the rafters and where such local legends as John Havlicek, Dave Cowens and Jo Jo White stand ready to defend the Celtic tradition. The Braves will have to play four of the seven games there, assuming the series goes that far, and chances are that before it is over, they'll wish they were back in Philadelphia again.

lors were to be believed, the contest had turned from basketball into a grudge battle between two distinct social classes gone berserk. SPUR BLOOD UP FOR NET KNOCK, roared the *San Antonio News*. CRAZY MAN, IT'S THE PSYCHO SERIES, wailed the *San Antonio Light*.

The playoffs had started ordinarily enough in New York when Julius Erving, the incomparable Dr. J, scored his team's first seven points and 31 all told as the Nets whipped the Spurs 116-101. New York Coach Kevin Loughery said it might have been his team's best game all season, that the Nets could have "beaten the world" this night.

Late in the third quarter of that first contest, San Antonio's star guard, James Silas, was bumped in the air by the Nets' Brian Taylor, and he fell to the floor, chipping a bone in his right ankle. This meant that the Spurs would be without

*continued*

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\*\*EPA estimates for 1976 Dodge Colt GT and Carousel with 1600 cc engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. In California see your dealer for mileage data.



their leader and his 24 points a game for the rest of the series, which meant that the Spurs would become all excited and hyped and play over their heads, which meant that the Nets would laugh a lot and achieve the anticipated degree of overconfidence while being blown off their own court in the next game.

This kind of nonsense happens in pro basketball regularly and, sure enough, it happened here.

In truth the Nets are the Doctor and a few good interns in backcourt. No more. While they missed 68 shots, and Coby Dietrick forced Erving away from the offensive boards, the Spurs won Game 2, 105-79. Presto, a reverse runaway.

Before anybody could say, "What's up, Doc?" it was obvious the Nets and Spurs already had accommodated those aficionados of postseason activity who look for such basic playoff baggage as the famous "key injury," the surprising 41-point "turnaround" and, of course, the dreaded "home-court advantage."

In the Nets' case, the latter had crum-

bled because of the apathy of barely 14,000 people—total—during the two games at Nassau Coliseum on Long Island. "We had no excuse for being flat," said Loughery. "But when you see people screaming for you, you get yourself up. Our fans don't react. They start to, then they go back to their painted positions."

As the series moved to Texas, the Spurs knew they would have no such problem with their own supporters. At San Antonio's HemisFair Arena, hard by the Alamo, the cry is "Remember the trades"—those being the off-season deals with the Nets which brought three Spur starters from New York in Larry (Mr. K) Kenon, Billy Paultz and Mike Gale.

Ironically, the limelight was on a fourth man involved in the New York-San Antonio negotiations, namely the bearded now-Net forward, Rich Jones.

The first two games had been bruising encounters, but really not much different from most playoff competition. Nevertheless, Spur Coach Bob Bass vehement-

ly complained that his club was taking unnecessary beatings. Said Bass, "The bad blood is boiling."

San Antonio GM John Beggos singled out the 6' 8" Jones, calling him a "cheap-shot artist. Jones did that stuff with our club for two years, and he hasn't stopped. He low-bridged Gale in New York. He's good at elbowing little guys from behind. If he keeps it up, he's going to take somebody out of a game or somebody is going to take him out."

The San Antonio press, which leans toward sex crimes, violence and the assorted disgusting sicknesses in our everyday society for front-page fare—FAMILY STALKER RAPIST WAS ONE charming tale told last week—made great hay out of all this.

Meanwhile, Loughery was incensed that a general manager would use such incendiary language. Jones said he understood. "Beggos doesn't have it up here," the player said, pointing to his temple. "My game is intimidation and being aggressive. If I want to hurt someone, I'll knock him upside the head with a forearm, not just set a tough pick. Beggos is shooting his mouth off to sell tickets."

What concerned the Nets more than words was the change Silas' injury effected on the San Antonio lineup. With much of the team's backcourt offense gone, Bass still was able to move the versatile 6' 7" George (Ice Man) Gervin to guard, insert Dietrick at forward and be helped rather than hurt by the move. Dietrick's good defense on Erving enabled the Spurs' other cornerman, Kenon, to concentrate on offense, where he tends to be explosive when in the mood.

The San Antonio strategy of going to Kenon and Paultz down low against the weak New York middle worked so well in the second game that the two ex-Nets combined for 50 points and 28 rebounds while Gale, the other New York expatriate, had a team-record 13 assists. "The Nets are just another team," said Mr. K. "I don't get fire in my eyes or anything."

Kenon's revelation could have fooled the 10,000-plus Texans who filled the HemisFair for Game 3 and watched him put on a second-half number that rendered the constant scuffles and infighting meaningless.

The Nets jumped off fast, making 12 of their first 19 shots to go ahead by 10 points in the first quarter. Double-team-

*continued*



EX-NETS' PAULTZ (NO. 9) AND KENON (NO. 30) WATCH DR. J OPERATE IN MIDAIR



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ing inside, Bunting Kenon and Paultz, the New Yorkers challenged Gale to hit from afar while Taylor kept Gervin away from his favorite spots. At the half Kenon had only four points and San Antonio was behind 53-48.

But after intermission the Nets went into that characteristic coma of theirs featuring team members alternately running around or standing around waiting for the Doctor to do something impossible. All the Nets got from their first 13 trips down the floor in the second half was one foul shot. Meanwhile, here came Kenon.

"It was time I had an outasight game," he was to say later. Kenon scored from deep in the corner to give San Antonio the lead at 54-53. He drove the baseline for a finger roll three-point play to give the Spurs the lead again at 64-62. He hit from 15 feet at the end of the quarter to put San Antonio ahead 75-73, this time for good.

The Spurs increased their margin to five points early in the fourth quarter before Kenon put in a turnaround jump shot from way out and converted the free throw after being fouled. Then he made a steal in the New York lane and, sweeping past three men, raced downcourt for a fast-break jammer. The San Antonio lead was 85-75, and when Gale stole the in-bounds pass for another layup, Dancing Mulhooz and the Baseline Bums started waving the Texas state flag and spilling their Pearl over everybody.

The Spurs' final 111-103 victory included Kenon's 24 second-half points and Gale's career-high 22. But Paultz refused to be overly optimistic. "We're in good shape," he said, "unless the Doctor starts to go crazy. That can happen anytime."

Despite his 89 points in three games, Erving acknowledged that he was not making the big play when the Nets needed it. "I don't think any 40- or 50-point-er from me is going to save us," he said. "Our offense is incompetent. We can't afford the luxury of making bad judgments anymore."

In between tornado warnings the Nets held tough, serious workouts in advance of Sunday's fourth game. Taylor insisted there were no intimations of last spring, when New York won the opening game of a first-round series against St. Louis, then lost four straight. "That

*continued*

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## PRO BASKETBALL *continued*

time there was bickering and unhappiness after three games," he said. "Now I sense a positive feeling. We have a chance to see what kind of men we are."

The San Antonio newspapers continued to demonstrate what kind of journals they were by publishing captions under pictures of Loughery and Erving, describing them, respectively, as "Mr. Obnoxious . . ." and "... beaten like a borrowed mule." Upon hearing the latter designation, Dr. J's eyes lit up just a bit. "We'll see," he said.

What everybody saw in Game 4, staged at the HemisFair, included the inevitable outburst of fury and fists; a nifty end; a resurrection appearance by the Nets' John Williamson; and, finally, the basic all-purpose, win-a-game, save-a-series dramatic sky dunk by Erving.

After Taylor and Spur reserve Guard George Karl had a punch up, beckoning both benches to join in a five-minute brawl; after San Antonio had seemed in a commanding position with eight-point leads all afternoon; after the husky Williamson had returned from a sore ankle, which had sidelined him for seven games, to keep New York in contention with 25 points in the second and third quarters (31 total); and after the Spurs had blown a seven-point lead with 2:49 to play, the game came down to this: Gervin standing at the New York baseline in possession of a defensive rebound with the score 108-107 San Antonio and 20 seconds left; Taylor leaping up from behind him to grab the ball and fling it to Dr. J; amid confusion, nine fellows waiting for a whistle to blow; and ultimately, the Doctor taking one power dribble and flying to the hoop for his quintessential slam.

The San Antonio bench complained bitterly that Taylor was both out of bounds and guilty of a foul on his steal. Instead, Erving was awarded a free throw, on a foul by Dietrick. He converted it for his 35th point and a 110-108 lead. When the Spurs could not get a decent shot off in the last 14 seconds, the series was tied and on the way back to New York.

"That's a long afternoon," said Erving later. "I didn't know the dunk was through until my hands were on the rim. It felt like a shot of life."

It wasn't a shot a borrowed mule makes every Sunday.

END

A central bottle of Calvert Extra American Whiskey is surrounded by various fruits and soft drinks. To the left is a tall glass of pineapple juice with a strawberry on top. To the right is a tall glass of orange juice with an orange slice on top. In the foreground are several whole fruits: a red apple, a peach, an orange, and a strawberry. The background is a light, neutral color.

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CONTINUED

**A** man goes bass fishing in order to get away, breathe free, eat sardines and suck on his teeth in peace, right? So why is that Cajun crop-duster pilot posing for pictures in front of a big tank full of lemon-lime-colored liquid, saying "Thank you very much, fish" to a bass in the tank and holding up a check for \$15,000?

Because he, Jack Hains of Rayne, La., has just won the fifth annual BASS Masters ("Mystery") Classic at Currituck Sound near Kitty Hawk, N.C. He has whipped 18 of that fish's peers and 29 of his own, including Jimmy Houston of Tahlequah, Okla., who fishes in white pants with red and blue stars embroidered down the seams and a red shirt with his name and BILL NORMAN LURES stitched on it. The outfit comes with a little white jacket, too, that he. . .

He fishes in *what*? Wait a minute! Who ever heard of a bass fisherman dressed like that? This is not some kind of Yipie making a mockery of bass fishing, is it? We will attend to Hains and his flashy check and peculiar ceremony later. First, let us go back three days' time, to practice day of the Classic, and take a closer look at Houston.

He is standing vividly in the bow of a boat, casting toward one of Currituck's grassy banks. He *looks* like a bass fisherman. "I'm gonna fish this water right here. There's a terrible amount of good water right here. They're up in under them roots."

He holds up a lure known as a Pico

Pop. It looks suitable enough, like a chunky, scared-to-death baitfish or a legless, streamlined frog. It is designed to be twitched on top of the water. "I've caught a laaahht of big fish on these," says Houston. He casts and twitches. "Look at that rascal! Looks good. I just can't imagine something not coming up and getting ahold of that."

He casts, twitches. "I know they're up in under there. Up under them old grass roots. Them old stump roots. I don't know why a man couldn't catch a lot of fish in this water."

Casts, twitches. "This is *pretty* water."

It is not even out of character for Houston to have blond hair way down below his collar. You don't have to be a hippie these days, even up under the old grass roots of Tahlequah, to have a lot of hair. Houston is 30, and when he has time he sells insurance. "I hate to give up that insurance agency," he says. "It's like selling an old shotgun." Insurance, you figure, is a reasonable thing for a bass fisherman to be in.

But he is also in that garish costume! Who ever heard of a bass fisherman looking like Evel Knievel?

Then again, many people think of a fishing *boat* as . . . comfortable. Maybe grubby. You could spill a couple of beers, some ketchup, a can of oil or some of that soggy fuzz that worms come in and it wouldn't be noticed.

But the boat Houston is fishing in—standard issue for the tournament—looks like you ought to drive it to the country-club dance. With its 115-horsepower motor, it lists for \$7,884. It is made of white and green fiber glass inlaid with bits of glitter. It has a Poly-Tufed deck and cushioned swivel chairs on pedestals. Pedestals!

But Houston doesn't lounge around in that comfort. He never sits in his seat, except to drive distances. When he fish-

es he always stands, operating his electric trolling motor with his knee and raising and lowering his electric anchor with his foot. If he wants to fish different water, he can consult his sonar depth-finder or his water-temperature gauge or the meter that measures the amount of oxygen in the water. From a boat nearby, a local news crew is *televising* him.

Maybe you think of fishing as a leisure activity. Watch Houston work his four different casting and spinning rigs. When one lure gets hung on the bottom he will put that rod down and use another one until the boat moves to where the snag is. He isn't relaxing.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART

"A lot of guys aren't here to win and don't work as diligently as they should," he says. "You hear guys saying, 'I hope I don't blank out today.' Never enters my mind to blank out. The same guys always win. They fish hard."

Fish *hard!* Houston may not be as fierce a competitor as Ricky Green of Arkadelphia, Ark., who says, "I don't like to go fishing by myself. I want to go out with someone to strap it on his backside." But Houston does say, "You've got to have total mental and physical concentration." Houston may not be as high-gear a caster as Tommy Martin of Hemphill, Texas, who once was clocked

at 12 casts per minute over a full eight-hour day. But Houston does try to launch a lure about every eight seconds—underhand to save time, like a second baseman feeding a shortstop.

One other thing Jimmy Houston has on his boat, besides a tackle box containing, oh, maybe 192 crankbaits, 80 spinnerbaits, 20 top-waters and a couple hundred plastic worms. He has a clean white towel. "My wife made me bring it for these white pants. I have a tendency to wipe my hands on 'em when I catch a fish." He catches a bass that would go about two pounds, unhooks it and tosses it back. He wipes his hands carefully

on the towel. "I want you to tell my wife," he says.

Well, most people would just as soon eat barbecue without licking their lips as catch fish without wiping their hands on their pants. It takes the fun out of it. But this isn't fishing for fun. After this practice day, Jimmy Houston will be popping everything he catches that's as long as 12 inches into his live well. The fisherman who brings in the most pounds and ounces of keeper black or Kentucky bass within the local daily limit during a three-day period wins \$15,000, and greatly improves the value of his face in ads selling lures, lines, boats and motors.

*continued*



The strange truth is that amiable Jimmy Houston is a *professional* bass fisherman. So is amiable Jack Huns, which is why we saw him holding that check and thanking that fish. The lurid green tint of the water in the tank was caused by an antiseptic. Fussy as bass pros are, the fish have to be protected from catching things from them.

"Pro bass fishing has its critics," concedes Bob Cobb, vice-president of the Montgomery, Ala.-based Bass Anglers Sportsman Society, or BASS, which is the pioneering and still most prominent sponsor of big-time bass tournaments. "Some folks claim to fish for pay as bad as bad women."

And the way they go about it, it sometimes seems as fancy as fancy women. Few pro bassers (as they are sometimes called) dress as colorfully as Houston, but some have been known to spray deodorant on their plastic worms and wash their hands with detergent every time they mess with their motors. Haven't they ever read that best-selling postcard that goes, "Old Fishermen Never Die . . . They Just Smell That Way"?

If they have, they don't care. Bass fishing, which used to be not all that much more upturn than coon hunting, or anyway dove shooting, has in recent years become nearly as tied up in money, tips from the top (pros hold "bass seminars" at men's clubs), official memberships and shiny equipment as has golf. *Gentleman's Quarterly* isn't previewing the season's new bassing togs yet, but as the president and founder of BASS, Ray Scott, puts it, "Old boys who can't buy their wife a coat are buying \$5,000 boats."

And a new profession, if not exactly a new breed of men, is arising. The elite of bass fishermen now make \$30,000 a year or more from tournaments, endorsements, appearances and tie-ins—even if they don't have their own TV shows or scented-worm goldmines. Men can now give up their trusty old insurance agencies, shop clothes, sales routes or Dairy Queen franchises and live like doctors and lawyers on fishing. Hard.

These pros would like to get network TV exposure, and expect to when prize money increases. Big money and recognition are already available in other areas. Ten years ago Tom Mann of Eufrata, Ala. worked for the state Game and Fish Commission, angled for pleasure, fooled around with a spinnerbait he called Little George (after his boss at

the time, Governor Wallace) and poured liquid plastic into worm molds in his wife's kitchen. Now, thanks to his BASS exposure, he is a prominent sports figure in thousands of barbershops and homes. He is the owner of a bait company that makes and sells not only Little George (which *Popular Mechanics* named one of the Twenty Alltime Great Bass Fishing Lures) but also extremely popular strawberry-, blackberry-, blueberry- and watermelon-flavored plastic worms. You might think that worm-flavored strawberries would taste better to bass, but things don't seem to work that way. Mann also is a millionaire.

Bass fishing has arrived. There are steady cool bass pros, bass pros who pace the floor all night before a tournament, straight-arrow pros, pros who stay up all night before a tournament on purpose and even, here and there, bass-fishing groupies. So far the sport is biggest in the South and Southwest, where artificial lakes or impoundments created by Corps of Engineers dams and filled with bass are most plentiful.

But BASS is no isolated phenomenon. It has 260,000 members, the vast majority of them nonpros who pay \$12 annual dues for access to information, merchandise, sew-on patches and small local tournaments. There is a BASS chapter in the Bronx—and one as far away as Rhodesia. As might be expected, other groups have arisen to claim chunks of the bass-boom pie: American Bass Fishermen, headquartered in Cocoa Beach, Fla.; Bass Casters Association, Mattoon, Ill.; the now defunct but formerly big-spending Project Sports, Inc., Dallas; the Po' Boys, Tulsa; and, for women, the Tulsa Bass Belles. By often giving away more money at their tournaments, these competing organizations have made BASS sweeten its own pots considerably.

Trout fishing still is more prestigious, but trout are scarce and their pursuit a more and more rarefied proposition. "The trout you catch Friday morning were brought in a truck and put there Tuesday night," grumbles one of the original BASS pros, John Powell. "It's like staking out pheasant to hunt. You have to kick them to make them fly. Or else shoot them standing there on the ground." Bass, on the other hand, are hardy and plentiful nationwide. And in catching them you can be emulating the superstars you see on non-network TV and in the bait ads.

Bud Leavitt, the outdoor editor of the Bangor (Maine) *Daily News*, who trout-fishes with Ted Williams and Red Smith—or, rather, they trout-fish with him—expects that bass fishing will soon catch on in places where it has been scorned, like New England. Eastern Establishment paranoids on the alert for evidence of a power shift toward the so-called "Southern Rim" can find it in bass fishing.

When Leavitt first attended the BASS Mystery Classic, the annual grand championship tournament—the top 24 to 30 bass pros, their wives and some 40 outdoor writers are flown to a fishing site undisclosed until the plane takes off—he was skeptical of what is sometimes called "cast-for-cash" angling. He says, "Fishing you think of as a contemplative thing, with your son, with your brother, with your dad." But Leavitt stayed to praise, especially after he saw a pro named Bobby Meador point to a Marlboro pack "and cast 80 feet and hit it. Then it drifted so he had to cast under a limb, and he hit it again. These guys know what they're doing. And these tournaments give fishing a pep—something to attract attention to it as a big-time sport."

Not every outdoorsman is ready to agree with Leavitt. Some sports editors refuse to cover bass tournaments because they may threaten stocks of fish—a few years ago you could see pickup-truck loads being hauled off at the end of the day—and because they are too commercial. But Scott and Cobb are major league PR men, and BASS is as resourceful as the NFL at getting the word out about itself. The working press that attends the Mystery Classic can get free transportation, food, entertainment and accommodations and also, from manufacturers, free lines, lures and a big tackle box. And a chance to fish with a pro every day of the tournament. And cash prizes for the biggest press fish. And contacts with people who can get other things for them wholesale. And Cobb, an ex-newspaperman, was seen writing one outdoor writer's story for him. If none of that works, BASS puts out two slick magazines of its own.

Sensitive to charges that tournaments destroy too many fish, BASS speaks often of its "Don't Kill Your Catch" program. An extra ounce is awarded for each live fish weighed in, special measures are taken to protect the fish from infection (such as that stuff in the holding tank)

*continued*



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and the great bulk of the "harvest" is released alive every day. Sometimes a little boy will sit at the release point, catching a few fish as they hang, disoriented, in the shallow water. Others die from handling. But research tends to show that most of the freed fish resume active lives. BASS has also attracted favorable notice by lobbying against water pollution, and is now working on computerizing the sentiments of its members so as to bring to bear a quarter of a million votes' influence on conservation issues.

As for the question of commercialization, well, nobody will ever accuse pro bass fishing of neglecting the economic factor. As many business cards are swapped at tournaments as fish stories. Company reps are on hand saying, "Super sport, super people. Anything we can do for you?" Sew-on patches—RABBIT ROUSER, SWEET OKE BUG, MISTER TWISTER, BASS PRO SHOPS—are big. Nonpro send off for them, pros get considerations in return for wearing them. Pros get free gear and expense backing for using and boosting a given company's products.

"Gotten so I'm afraid to use somebody else's lures," one pro lamented during the '75 Mystery Classic, "for fear I'll win on them."

"Did you ever hear the word 'lie'?" asked another pro.

"Yeah, but they got cameras on you out there."

Ricky Green, 31, was a chemist till the fishing money got good. His father was an Arkansas revenue who, when Ricky hooked his first bass at the age of six, made him land it himself. Green is not so outgoing a self-promoter as Bill Dance of Memphis and Roland Martin of Broken Arrow, Okla., the only two pros who rank ahead of him in all-time BASS earnings, and he doesn't have syndicated TV shows as they do. And even though he was second only to Hains in prize money last year, his BASS purses totaled just \$10,385 and those from other groups' tournaments \$7,500. Still, he says he should be able to clear \$50,000 in '76, because this year the prize money is way up, and he also has deals with a bait company, a boat company, an electronics company, a rod company, a trolling-motor company and a company that makes "a liquid that you put in your trailer tires. There are eight or 10 things it does for your tires."

All these benefits flow from the quantitative achievement of horsing a lot of

bass pounds into a boat. Considerable skill, study and effort are required, but not so much of what a man who catches 30-pound salmon on a fly rod and ten-pound tippet would call artistry. Stout rods and 12-to-20-pound-test lines are standard, and the kept bass range from about a pound to a rare 10-pounder; most of the fish fall in the one-to-three-pound range.

Sinking and landing bass require delicacy and timing, of course, but the main thing is to "get on fish"—to find out where they are congregating—and to figure out what to "throw at them." Much of a bass fisherman's science might be compared to market research.

Still, it is a homey science. Around the weigh-in point at the end of the day, as competitors come in and their scores are posted on a big board, people chew the fat and compare notes:

"Put a willow-leaf blade on it and they just started eating it up. Switched to the lime green, buzzing it real close to the top, slowed it down, ran it down underneath. . . ."

"He's got some nice fish. Woo-ee."

"Dropped it over the logs, fluttered it, jerked it, and they just cooperated real well."

"Purple blowtail."

"Somebody's putting out an artificial butterfly. See there on that man's hat that says ARDMORE FIED AND SEED."

"Now, that's a real butterfly. It just flew off."

"Bunch of little old bitty ones. Don't matter how hard you work 'em if you ain't on 'em good."

"Well, but I don't care how good you are on 'em, you still got to catch 'em."

"I'm so tired of looking at willers I could die."

"Them root wads. . . ."

There are those who don't hold by too much calculation. "People say they have theories, know where to find fish," says Tommy Martin, who works as a guide and won the '74 Classic. "I just go out there and throw as many different things as I can. And fish hard. I never know when I'm going to catch a fish."

But most of the leading pros worry about "patterns." "They're not patterned in a pattern hard," complained Houston one day. "I like it when they're patterned hard." In search of patterns they fill their minds with data about water temperature, clarity, topographic map coordinates, amount of light, color

of worm and the lay of the "structure." Structure is submerged stuff—logs, docks, buildings, roadways—around which bass cluster, the way people do around water. Artificial impoundment bottoms are rich in structure; in some cases, whole towns were flooded over when dams were constructed. Bill Dance has several hooks out on how to find structure—it shows up on maps and sonar—and how to drag the right plastic worms provocatively, sensitively, over and around it. When you have learned how to tell the difference between the feel of a plastic worm dropping off the side of a submerged log and that of a plastic worm being hit by a bass—quickly enough to react to the latter by snatching hard enough to "cross his eyes" or "break his neck"—you are well on your way to becoming a modern bass master.

There are also those, like Green and Houston, who prefer casting spinnerbaits (so called for the attached metal disks that flutter and sparkle in the water as the lure is reeled in) or crankbaits (lures that rise or descend depending on the speed with which they are reeled in) or top-water lures in shallow water toward roots and pilings and other surface structure features.

Tom Shockley, who recently started fishing in big tournaments, was amazed at all there was to learn. "Spinnerbaits. I had fished 'em two ways: buzz 'em or let 'em sink. I found out you can swim 'em, spin 'em, float 'em. . . ." BASS people point to the explosion of knowledge brought about by tournaments' drawing experts out of the bushes—bass fishermen used to be loners—to exchange tips with others from other bushes. Occasionally a revolutionary technique arises. Dee Thomas of Newark, Calif. caught a lot of fish at a tournament last year when nobody else did. It turned out he was taking a 7½-foot rod with a small jig on the end, knocking a hole in the muck along the banks and swinging, rather than casting, the jig into the hole. Thomas called this technique "flippin'." Now a company has a rod called the Flippin' Stick, and will send you a pamphlet entitled *The Whole Flippin' Story*.

Traditionalists will be pleased to learn that lying is still one of the tricks of the fishing trade. Or, more precisely, being less than wholly straightforward about answering other competitors' questions when they are trying to expand their knowledge in time to beat you the next

*continued*

morning. "Where'd you catch that big fish, Billy?" someone may ask.

"Like to had another'n too," says Billy. "Had him right up to the boat. Woulda been bigger than that one."

"Where'd you catch him?"

"Thro'd a purple and yellow worm out there."

"Where, though?"

"One 'em little pockets."

"Which pockets?"

"Yep, one 'em little pockets in there."

"Where? Which end of the lake?"

"You got any frog chunks?"

This brings us to delicate social considerations. What is to keep everybody from following the Dances and Martins around and taking advantage of their expertise? For one thing, that would be bad form. The pros on the circuit might be broken down loosely into several different crowds, but the regulars form a fairly close-knit fraternity. Even so, there is tension between established figures and aspiring youngsters, especially when the latter are from near the site of the tournament and local fishermen are suspected of spying for the home boy. "I had a terrific problem today," said Roland Martin one evening during a tournament at Lake Texoma, on the Texas-Oklahoma border. "A guy followed me the entire day. Some local bass club guy. I couldn't really see what he looked like. Then when I started catching 'em the guy started talking to me on the CB. 'Hey, that's a good one, Roland.' I hung a gigantic fish. 'What was that, Roland?' Then I see him writing things down. 'Roland,' he says, 'I got what I come for. To see you fish structure.'"

"I don't appreciate that," I said. He got all huffy. I don't mind somebody watching me, but he's stealing my effort."

All of which carries bass fishing a long way from the days Jimmy Harris remembers. The other pros call Harris "Skinny D." One afternoon when he was wearing a pair of voluminous waterproof pants somebody told him, "You look like a straw in a paper sack." He owns a lot of Mississippi cotton land now, and still competes in tournaments for the enjoyment. But back in the '30s, when he and his friends would fish along the Mississippi River levees, they had no organization behind them, or in their way, and they made do with simple materials. "We'd take the string off packages for line, and we'd have one plug to cast so we had to go in after it when it was lost.

We caught a lot of bass. And then we'd take an iron skillet, some lard, some meat, build a fire and throw those fish on it. Make some hush puppies, too. That was good."

John Powell, who looks like a well-scrubbed Howdy Doody, has been fishing for bass for 40 years and has been associated with BASS since its earliest days. He makes a good living speaking to groups, representing a few products, fishing enough tournaments to stay up among the top 30 pros. At a cocktail party during the '75 Classic, he got to talking to a couple of reporters. "I don't have the killer instinct anymore," he said. "Why should I? I did. I can make 3,500 casts in one day if I'm willing to submit myself to 14 hours of hard concentration. I used to catch 12,000 fish a year. Now, about 2,000. Maybe keep half a dozen a month."

"I can enjoy fishing without meat in the boat. Work up and down that bank over there. Compete against Mr. Bass. He's the only one that's a pro. He don't read your cotton-picking Solunar Tables—he got his own computer. If I get a big strike and lose him, I'm not going to throw back in that same spot. I'm gonna move on. We played that one, he won. But in a tournament . . . gotta get that meat in the boat."

Powell has his hand open, gesturing. Ray Scott comes by and closes Powell's fingers into a fist. He is kidding, but also implying that Powell may be waxing rhetorical. Scott, big, energetic, engaging, moves on. "The people in this room," says Powell after grunting slightly, "are responsible for all the bass boats, all the monofilament line, the hooks, the techniques. You go into a store and buy a rod and reel today, there was some influence on it from this room. This guy Ray Scott, the guy that just come over here and made fun of me and folded my fingers down, he's the greatest thing ever happened to bass fishing. He's six people in one."

Powell looks off into the distance, as if scanning the days ahead for structure. "I hope it's always fun and not commercial. I caught my first bass when I was six years old, took the day off from working in the fields and caught an eight-pound bass with a cane pole and a spotted minnow. Fished 35 years without a depth finder. Now I've got in the habit. Soon as I get a strike, I'm looking right at that depth finder."

A couple of corporate monofilament types are edgily summoning Powell away. "Don't ever get obligated to anybody," he advises, and he joins them for dinner.

A good deal of the evening entertainment at the Classic is provided by the fishing stars and choreographed by Scott. After the whole crowd ate a big buffet dinner, Scott blithely got them up front to do outrageous things. Such as those men with the biggest stomachs dancing the hula shirtless. After winning the most applause for his hula and therefore the prize of a Johnson spoon, Bo Dowden of Natchitoches, La., grinning boyishly, asked Scott to give him the microphone. "Let me talk over that thing."

"You can't talk over this thing!" cried Scott in mock dismay. "What you mean? You a fisherman."

"We're a demagogic system," Scott later told the group blandly. "What's that word? Dictatorial. It's very nice when a hundred people are doing what's set up for them to do."

For instance, the fishermen and accompanying press went out on the last day of the '75 Classic in cold 40-mph winds and flat-bottom bass boats not designed to cope with the ragged swells. The night before, pro Billy Westmorland of Celina, Tenn. was asked whether he thought the boats would go out if the weather turned out as bad as expected. "Scott would send us out if it was raining pitchforks and Chinese babies," Westmorland said.

Conditions have been hazardous at previous BASS tournaments. One year at Lake Eufaula, Okla. a norther blew up and started sinking boats. Wes Woosley of Tulsa had to be saved twice from drowning.

No one was hurt on the final day of last year's Classic, but waves knocked several boats out of commission, and a number of the competitors went all day—7 a.m. to 3 p.m.—without catching a fish. That evening when he checked in, Al Lindner of Brainerd, Minn., the only prominent Northern bass pro, was asked, "What'd you get?"

"In," said Lindner.

"This is what makes bass fishing," said Scott expansively. "We've had those bluebird days—bluebirds singing, wives sitting out making goo-goo eyes at the weather. And then we've had it turn bad. I've seen it so cold . . . I saw a flag sticking out frozen."

*continued*

## IBM Reports

### Things are changing in the office

For nearly a century after the introduction of the typewriter in 1873 there was little change in the way paperwork was produced and processed.

In the last few years, however, dramatic innovations in technology have begun to transform traditional office methods and procedures.

These changes were spurred by the need to cope with staggering increases in the volume of paperwork—the result of a broad and continuing shift in the U.S. economy toward the service sector, with its heavy demand for written communication—and by sharply rising costs.

According to recent studies, the cost of a business letter has jumped from \$2.44 to \$3.79 in the past ten years. And overall office expenditures have become a growing portion of the cost of doing business.

Clearly, the basic answer lies in increasing office productivity.

One of the first major steps in this direction was the development by IBM in 1964 of an automatic text-editing typewriter that could store typed copy electronically and replay it, error-free, at extremely high speeds.

Enthusiastic acceptance of this remarkable machine, capable of multiplying several-fold the number of letters and documents a secretary could produce in a day, quickly opened the way to further change.

Today, IBM and other companies are providing an ever-widening range of office machines and systems that handle more work, more efficiently. The correcting typewriter introduced by IBM in 1973 and the high-speed copier/duplicators introduced in March of this year are good examples.

Other technological developments, such as electronic communication from one typewriter to another, promise even more important benefits—and IBM's commitment to advanced product research continues unabated.

New emphasis is also being placed on improving work flow. Conventional office organization is being modified to make better use of available people resources—with impressive results.

Many experts believe that this combination of advancing technology and improved work planning known as word processing will ultimately do for the office what data processing has already done in other areas.

In actual practice, word processing has demonstrated its ability to provide clear-cut productivity gains and solid cost savings.

More benefits are on the way. More are needed.

**IBM**

Nothing seems to put Scott out of the mood for bass-fishing administration, and nobody denies that he and his operations man, Harold Sharp, are good at it. Scott was selling insurance very successfully in 1967 when he got the idea of putting on up-and-up bass tournaments. From that idea has come a very pretty dollar for Scott and the profession of bass catching. Before BASS, tournaments had tended to be chaotic local affairs won by locals—that aspect wasn't chaotic. BASS tournaments are aboveboard and policed. When one fisherman was found to have brought in fish he had previously planted in a basket on the water, BASS suspended him for life and suspended another fisherman, who failed to report him, for one year, then sent out a press release about the whole thing.

Fishermen do criticize Scott for not giving them much of a voice in rules and for not paying enough prize money. This year the Classic will pay a total of \$50,000 with \$25,000 to the winner. The other BASS tournaments also are worth \$50,000 each, as compared to \$23,000 last year, and first-prize money is up from \$4,140 to \$14,000, but pros complain that a portion of the overall "money" is not cash but boats, and they don't need any more boats. What kind of deals BASS might have with boat companies, even chambers of commerce interested in attracting tournaments to their localities, is a subject of speculation.

If deals do exist, they only sweeten the pot. BASS gets some \$4.6 million in annual dues; it costs \$250 to enter a tournament; and BASS operates a three-city franchise outdoor specialty store called Outhouse, a boat-and-tackle store in Montgomery, a motel on a fishing river and a mail-order merchandising service.

This is a pool of money well worth casting into, even in a storm. The men who do it range, as John Powell says, "from millionaires to guys who had to hook their shotgun to pay the entry fee." As it happens, many of the best-known fishermen—Dance, Roland Martin, Tom and Don Mann, Westnorland—are big, beefy men with county-sheriff bellies. "Fat is where it's at," says Martin. "This stomach keeps me warm. When I get thin I get cold, sick, nervous." Then, too, there are the lean wrangler types—you couldn't ask for a better Marlboro man than Tommy Martin. Many of them, fat or thin, are distinctively marked by sun-tan from the cheekbones down; cap

brims and dark glasses keep them pale on the forehead and around the eyes. Their hands are horny as farmers'. Scott speaks proudly of "two-fisted hairy-legged knotheads."

The only two men who have won the Angler of the Year award since it was first given in 1971 are Roland Martin, four times, and Dance, once. Though Martin is blond, Dance seems to be the fair-haired boy. Scott introduces him as "bass fishing's first superstar" and is pleased that he represents the sport so personably. "He could've been one of these old harellip country boys with snuff running down both corners of his mouth," says Scott.

An intensely accommodating and cordial fraternity-president type who gave up the furniture business for professional fishing, Dance, age 35, speaks a lot of desire, dedication and the exchange of ideas. "I've never been in a boat with a man in my life," he says, "that I didn't learn something. I may have learned not to ever get in the boat with him again, but at least I've learned something. I love to try to figure fish out. It's seeking the unknown."

"But competitive fishing—the pressure really wears on me. I can't sleep. I remember when I was six years old and my granddaddy was going to take me fishing the next morning. I'd wake up every two hours. It's the same now. And there's a lot of traveling, with the TV show and appearances. I slept in my own bed only five nights in the first four months of last year."

"But if I don't promote Bill Dance, nobody will. My fishing has improved 500% since I started fishing tournaments, and my income is 10 times what it was. It's all a result of BASS. I look back and thank the good Lord for it."

Roland Martin has shaggy hair than Dance and a more complicated face. He didn't dance in the hula contest, but he and his wife Mary Ann did name their first son, Scott, after Ray. Martin is 36 years old, brawny, blond, clever looking, prepossessing, intense. "I'm trying to be more amiable lately," he says, discussing his in-boat presence. "I've been accused of being a real ass. Won't talk to my partner, won't communicate."

"The guy you're paired with is supposed to control the boat 50% of the time. But I just tell him, 'Let's go catch a bunch of fish. If you have something to contribute, fine. But mainly I want to

catch some fish.' A guy is going to go for my deal."

"When I was 19 I caught a big fish, by accident, and entered it in a local contest and won a little trophy. It sat on the mantelpiece, people started saying, 'That Roland catches big fish.' I kept entering and winning contests. I'd send in to *Field and Stream* and get a button to wear on my hat. A button with a little picture of a fish on it."

"My parents discouraged me. My father was a professional man, never fished a lick, and my mother was a drama major. They thought I was wasting my time. One time I missed dinner fishing, came in late, and Dad got so mad at me that when I walked in with my solid fiber glass rod he yelled, 'I'm going to bend that thing!'"

"He bends it. It springs back. He hits it into the wall. It lays grooves in the wall. He throws it down and jumps on it. It still keeps its shape. Then he runs out of the room."

"I picked up the rod. It was bent a little bit but it would still work. I loved my Dad, but I never fished with him."

Somewhere in that story there are a couple of proverbs about sparing the rod and bending the twig. At any rate, Martin never looked forward to taking up the profession of outfishing other people, because there was no such thing. But after college he was traveling in Europe with his parents when they were killed in an auto accident in which he was badly injured. To recuperate, and to get away from expressions of sympathy, he went off to Santee-Cooper Reservoir in South Carolina. He stayed down there for five years, fishing, doing a little writing and guiding, building his bass-catching reputation and being "a bachelor bum."

In 1970 he started fishing tournaments. "Competition's done this for me," he says. "I always had this pride that I was a good fisherman, but I never had a ruler to measure by. Now I can very legitimately say I have proved my merit."

It was at a BASS tournament that he met his wife. "She had on a big stocking cap and a snowmobile suit and was carrying a big stringer of fish," he says.

"He thought I was a little fat man walking up the hill," says Mary Ann.

Roland recalls, "I said to Dance, 'Hey, that's a funny-looking guy.' Dance said, 'That's Mary Ann Colbert, 25-year-old who-kad fisherman.'"

"Roland and I courted so much dur-

*erlestand*

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## BASS continued

ing that tournament, Bill Dance beat him by one ounce," says Mary Ann.

"Seven ounces," says Roland.

The Martins travel together, working on his TV show. She fishes in tournaments herself, but not BASS ones. No women are allowed. Competitors are paired by lot and, well, what if a man and a woman, unmarried, were sharing a boat and one of them experienced a call of nature? "He can just turn his head," says Mary Ann, but BASS doesn't agree. She has done some figurative boat-rocking on this count, but the gender bar remains unified.

Racially, too, BASS competition is homogeneous. The whole operation, and much of the bass boom, has a white Southern flavor. University of North Carolina English Professor Louis Rubin, a noncompetitive bass fisherman and longtime student of Southern literature and ways, goes so far as to say, "The artificial impoundment has done more for race relations in the South than anything else. It has gotten the good old boys away

from the general store stirring things up and out onto the water chasing the black bass."

And, true, between contract negotiations, there still is front-porch talk to be heard at any BASS gathering. "When I was a boy," said Scott one evening as conversation at dinner turned to wart remedies, "people said the only way to lose warts was to take something like a button and hide it and then forget where you put it. As soon as you forget, the wart falls off. I still remember where I put that button. I can see it right now on that top shelf in my uncle's house. I can't forget it to save my life."

Bass fishing has not forgotten its roots, either. It may be advancing to higher levels of finance and technical sophistication, but on the whole it retains a small-town church-social flavor. Superstars Dance and Martin pitch in to help unload baggage. Dance, Martin and Green sneak a brick into Jimmy Houston's tackle box before it is weighed in (only 10 pounds of tackle is allowed each man).

High school clog dancers and Lonzo and Oscar from the Grand Ol' Opry fill out the evening entertainment.

It is all part of fishing hard. Which makes you wonder, if a man fishes hard, what is he going to do easy? The main reason a good many people go into the professions of law and medicine is to make enough money to be able to take off afternoons and fish. What's going to be the point of becoming a doctor or lawyer now? So you can go home and watch people fish on the *American Sportsman*? Then, too, pretty soon people are going to be watching television hard. Sleeping in hammocks hard. Whistling hard, humming hard, chewing tobacco and "lowing as how hard it is."

It's hard to knock such developments, though, as long as they stay down to earth. Jack Hains is being interviewed after winning the Classic, with 18 live bass weighing a total of 45 pounds four ounces. He says, "I eat bass nearly every night. I just love it. I let 'em out and save some for breakfast."

*continued*

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## **BASS** continued

"What color worm you use today, Jack?" (Nicklaus never gets questions like this.)

"Purple with a yellow tail."

"What length worm, Jack?"

"Six-inch. That's about as long a worm as I throw."

"Where'd you go to school?"

"Rayne High School. And University of Southwestern Louisiana. Didn't graduate there. Quit and went to flying. My father owns a crop-dusting service and farms beans some. I work rice and soybeans, dusting."

He says yes, crop dusting is daredevil seat-of-the-pants precision work that a man can take pride in, and he likes it, "but not enough." Not enough to stay in it much longer, that is, now that he has a fishing career.

"Why don't you take off your waterproof suit for the pictures?"

"Ain't got no britches on. Had to get out and wade, and got 'em wet."

"Look at that bass behind you in the tank. He's talking to you."

"I told you I wouldn't hurt you," says Hains to the bass.

The bass swims away. Scott comes forward to speak to the bass. "He says, 'Naw, I don't want to start any more foolishness with you.' " Then Scott asks the other fish in the tank, "Anybody else in there want to be interviewed?"

"Pooley," Scott says to the black man he brings from Montgomery to help out at such moments as this, "swirl a stick around in there, get us a fish who wants to talk."

A lady with three different colors of semiprecious stones on her eyeglasses is watching. So is a man wearing a patch advertising a patch company and another wearing a jumpsuit advertising a jumpsuit concern. Nearby, a fat man is challenging a skinny man to go quail hunting with him sometime. "I'll show you how a fat man can walk," he says. "I've done walked two bird dogs to death."

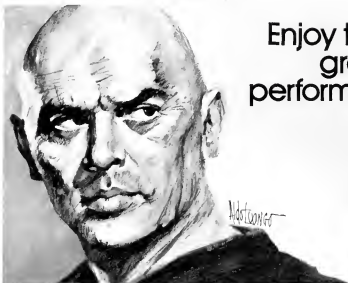
Another fish looks out toward the camera. This is when Hains, holding up his first-prize check, says, "Thank you very much, fish." The fish looks noncommittal.

"Just look at Jack," says somebody. "Grinning like a cat eating yellow-jackets."

"And talking to a fish. Only in America," says another man. He is wearing a hat that says **FIELD TESTER, YUM YUM WORMS**.

**END**

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 12-18

**BADMINTON**—PAUL WIETNALL and GILLIAN GILKS, both of England, won the singles titles at the U.S. Open at Drexel University in Philadelphia. Wiennall, beating Thomas Kolthagen of Sweden 17-14, 15-10, and Gilks defeating Lena Koppes of Denmark 8-11, 11-3, 11-4.

**PRO BASKETBALL**—NBA: Wearing the final game in overtime, Buffalo took an end-of-game series with Philadelphia and were ousted (the Celtics in the semifinals) (page A9). Both Celtics became only the fourth player in league history to win the scoring title three consecutive years, this time a 31.5-point-per-game average. A league playoff record crowd of 19,774 in Cleveland's Coliseum watched Washington beat the Cavaliers 102-95 in the opening game of their best-of-seven series. In the first game, Beto Smith, not only original Cavalier lead with the club, scored a 22-foot jumper to give Cleveland an 80-79 victory, and he and Austin Carr each scored 17 points in the third game, which the Cavs won 88-76, before a record-breaking Coliseum throng of 21,061, giving Cleveland a 3-1 lead. In the opening game of their series, Milwaukee beat Detroit 116-97, behind Larry Rinker's 36 points, but the Pistons rebounded to win the best-of-five playoff, drawing the Bucks 126-121 and 107-104, and now lead on Golden State in the Western Conference semifinals. Phoenix lost its first playoff game to Seattle 92-89, then, despite Fred Brown's 45 points, headed the Sonics back first here, 90-88 in 18 games, 116-111. The Sonics agreed they lead to 2-1 in the best-of-seven series by trouncing Seattle 103-95.

**AFLA**: Kentucky won its preliminary series with Indiana and went on to meet regular-season champion Denver in a best-of-five. In their first game, in Chicago, the comparatively new 26-second clock broke down and the contest was ruled a no-contest. With Denver leading 110-107, Kentucky's Louie Odomer took a desperate shotpoint shot to tie the score, but the officials ruled (and he did not) that the shot was a foul. In the second game, Denver, Johnny Neumann and Fred Avery combined for 44 points, and the Colts overcame the Bengals 133-130, to tie the series. San Antonio's 111-103 victory over New York, in which Larry Kanan scored 28 points and Mike Gole had a career-high 22, put their series at 2-1. (The Sun then carried things up, as John Kevling dunked with 14 seconds left and a free throw making the final score 116-108 (page A6).)

**BOWLING**—MARSHALL HOLMAN, 21, of Modesto, Ore., became the youngest winner of the \$125,000 Foreman Tournament of Champions in Akron, by defeating Billy Hardwick 200-158.

**GOLF**—DON JANUARY, 46, won the Tournament of Champions at the La Costa Country Club in

Carlsbad, Calif., with an 11-under-par 272, beating Hubert Green by five strokes. JUDY RANKIN had her second straight win, the \$80,000 Kanten-Pop Open, on Scottsdale, Ariz., with an 11-under-par 205, the lowest LPGA score of the season.

**HOCKEY**—NHL: The loudest noise of the week had to do with the brawl (page 27), but another shattering event took place when Los Angeles defeated Boston 3-2 in Boston. It was the first time the Bruins have lost at home since Dec. 23. The Kings won the next game 4-4, and Marcel Dionne's three goals made him the No. 1 playoff scorer. Boston tied the series 2-2. Gregg Sheppard, Jean Ratelle and Don Marston each scored in the Bruins beat the Kings 3-1. "Devilman's presence" was the graphic on Long Island to Buffalo hooked up with consecutive overtime victory to send New York a 3-2 defeat. The Islanders must do so down the Sabres 5-3 and 4-2, however, and their best-of-seven series was tied at 2-2. Until the record 30 penalty minutes recorded by the Flyers helped the Maple Leafs win 3-4, Toronto had not beaten Philadelphia since March 14, 1973, now they have defeated them twice, and their series is tied 2-2. Guy Lafleur scored a pregame goal with 13 seconds left and Montreal beat Chicago 2-1. The Canadiens then defeated the Black Hawks 4-1 to finish the series.

**WFLA**: Winnipeg took its best-of-five playoff from Edmonton to win the Canadian Division semifinals, the Jets now meet Calgary in the division finals. The Crow will have to play without Coach Jim Crow and Rick Jodzio, who was suspended after a brawl with Quebec in which Nordiques Marc Tardif was hospitalized with a concussion (page 22). After a session with a team physician, San Diego won its best-of-five preliminary from Phoenix. New England tied 1-1 in its best-of-seven playoff with Indianapolis.

**HORSE RACING**—BOLD FORBES (\$2,800), Angri Cordova Jr., won his third straight stakes, the \$112,600 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, covering the 1 1/4 miles at 1:47 1/2 to beat De Sly by 4 1/2 lengths (page 26). Bill Shoemaker rode CRYSTAL WATER (\$7,600) to a two-length victory in the \$240,250 Hollywood Derby at Golden Gate Fields. He covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:48 1/2. Farouk An Act was fifth, Telly a pay out.

**HOCKEY**—The NHL opened its 19th season with seven games and an average attendance of 10,400, up 1,000 from 1975. The San Antonio Thunder defeated the St. Louis Stars 2-1, their first win over the San Diego Aces 1-0. All Stars scored both goals in the Stars' 2-0 win over the Seattle Seawolves.

ers, the club's first shutout in 25 league games. The Portland Timbers beat the Vancouver Whitecaps 2-1 in overtime and the Dallas Tornado (page 26) won the Washington Diplomats 1-0. A 5,000 crowd of 19,327 came out to see George Best as his league debut, but his Los Angeles Aztecs were defeated by the San Jose Earthquakes 2-1. The New York Cosmos beat the Miami Tornado 1-0.

**TENNIS**—JILL NASTASE overpowered Rod Laver 7-6, 6-1, 6-6, 6-3 to win a WCT All-Challenge Cup tournament at Kalamazoo, Mich., Haven.

**EVIDENCE**: GOODLADDER beat Chris Evert for the second straight time, 6-3, 5-7, 8-3, to win the \$150,000 Virginia Slacks championship in Los Angeles (page 29).

**TRACK & FIELD**—RICH WOHLHUTER, JIM McGOLOMB and NIKOLAN CROMWELL met most records at the Karun Relays in Lawrence, Mo., before the 1,500 in 3:38.62 to better Jim Ryan's 1980 mark by 4.18. McGolomb, of the University of Texas, tied the 2000 200 9, 17.10 (tied) for the Marshall Smith's 1974 record, and Kansas Quarterback Cromwell recorded a 49.8 in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles, 3 seconds under the record set by Bob Fineman in 1973.

**MLB**—ELECTED: to the National Football Foundation's College Football Hall of Fame: EDMUND CAMERONE, Washington A.C. (1936), 1920-34; JOHN DAVENPORT, Texas A.M. (1937), 1935-37; THOMAS FEARS, Santa Clara (1941-42) and UCLA (1943-47), and VIC JANDWICK, Ohio State (1948-52); CAROL JENKINS, Missouri, center, 1940-41; VIC MARKOV, Washington, tackle, 1945-51; ELLIE MATSON, San Francisco, back, 1946-52; CREGG MILLER, Notre Dame, halfback, 1941-43; JACKIE PARKER, Missouri, state, back, 1950-53; WILLIAM SWACK, Holy Cross, 1941-42 and Columbia 1943-47; and DEXTER VDBY, Penn State, end, 1949-52; and GEORGE ALMOND MUMFORD, Penn coach from 1918-53.

**NAMED**: ARA COOK of the Year, LARRY BROWN of the Denver Nuggets, for the second straight season and the third time in the last four years.

**NAMED**—EMILE FRANCIS, as coach and general manager of the St. Louis Blues, replaced Len Berman. Francis will also be an executive vice-president and a member of the board of directors.

**MARRIED**: ROGER TERRY PETERS, 47, an ophthalmologist, artist and author of 12 books, most notably the Field Guide series; to Virginia Marie Wetherell, 36, in Exeter, Conn.

## CREDITS

22, 23, 24, 25: John Stewart, 24, 25—illustration by Jim Jackson, Tony Torric, 24, 27—Larry Cooke, 26, 27—John G. Zimmerman, 28—Joe Zimmerman, 29—George Long, 26—John Stewart, 76, 77—24, 28—Bill G. Hodges, 29—John Stewart, 44—Walter Iaconi, 31—John G. Hodges

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**ED, DON, LARRY and HENRY HODDICK**, brothers of West Monroe, La., won state Golden Gloves championships. Ed (at upper left), 20, who has a 63-5 record, took the 147-pound class, Don (upper right), 18, whose record is 54-7, won the 139-pound division, Larry (lower left), 17, who has a 40-6 record, was the 156-pound to-  
tals; and Henry, 16, with a 37-4 record, won the 129-pound senior class. Through their efforts the West Monroe Boxing Club won the team trophy and its coach, Beck McDuffie, was named Coach of the Year for the second straight time.



**LIZ HOBBS**, 14, of Normal, Ill., broke two national YMCA age-group swimming records in the state YMCA meet. She swam the 50-yard freestyle in 59.4, which is .82 second faster than the senior women's YMCA record, and the 100-yard freestyle in 53.2.



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## ANSWERS

Sir:

I really enjoyed your Baseball Issue (April 12), but it raised a few questions. First, how can Dave Concepcion and Joe Morgan win Gold Glove awards two years in a row (Morgan won three in a row) and not be the National League's best double-play combination? (Jim Kaplan says Cash and Bowa are the best!)

Second, Chicago Cub Manager Jim Marshall says, "Second Baseman Manny Trillo [248] is the best in the league at his position." After saying that, did he happen to glance at your cover photo of Morgan? There's a \$200,000 MVP he may have forgotten about.

JOHN ROHRER

Cincinnati

Sir:

The Pirates No. 1 in the National League East? I just hope Jim Kaplan doesn't come to Philly. Our town already has one dog-dung with a crack in it. He'd make two.

AMY HUGLINS

Ambler, Pa.

Sir:

In his scouting report on the American League East Mark Mulvey asks many questions concerning the 1976 Red Sox. We wonder if he remembers the number of questions that were asked about last year's Red Sox. During the 1975 regular season, the playoffs and the World Series, the Red Sox proved themselves an unquestionably good team.

JOE STONE

BILL FRIEDENBERGER

Portland, Maine

Sir:

Punch me! Oakland's trading away of Reggie Jackson can't be anything more than a nightmare.

The A's can rid themselves of their sunglasses now, because there are no windows in the cellar.

GUY MORLEY

Salem, Ore.

## REDS BADGE OF CONFIDENCE

Sir:

The article about Joe Morgan (*The Little Big Man*, April 12) was one of SL's all-time best. Everyone knows Morgan as a complete baseball player, but Mark Mulvey brought out the fact that he is also a complete person.

LEW BRUNO

Miami

Sir:

Isn't that Superman on your cover?

PHIL ARMSTRONG

Muncie, Ind.

Sir:

Thank you for putting Joe Morgan on the cover. If it had been Fred Lynn or Jim Rice, I'd be looking forward to the 1977 season.

CHARLIE DePESA

Milton, Mass.

Sir:

After reading your excellent Baseball Issue, I noted two things as being true beyond a shadow of a doubt. 1) Joe Morgan is a great ballplayer; and 2) Joe Morgan won't hesitate to tell you that he is a great ballplayer.

RICK HASSLER

El Paso

Sir:

The article just proves my theory that the Cincinnati Reds are without a doubt in love with themselves.

KAREN CONONE

Pittsburgh

## SUPER ROOKIES

Sir:

Congratulations to Jim Kaplan on his fine article *Pair Without Parallel* (April 12). I'm sure those two super sophs, Fred Lynn and Jim Rice, will not go into a slump. The way Kaplan writes, they are already in the Hall of Fame, and that may not be far wrong.

SCOTT BOWEN

Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Sir:

I just want to remind you that Al Bumbry hit .337 in 1973. Your article said that Fred Lynn had the highest batting average by a rookie since 1948. By simple arithmetic, Bumbry hit six points higher than Lynn. If you are going to say that Bumbry did not bat the required 502 times to qualify for the batting championship, you are right, but he did bat enough times (395) to win Rookie of the Year. By the way, the rookie combination of Bumbry and Rich Coggins hit .337 and .319, respectively, which is better than the Lynn-Rice duo.

T. PATRICK HENNEGAN

Baltimore

Sir:

Fred Lynn and Jim Rice are by far the best rookie teammates in baseball, and I am

a fan of both. However, Tony Oliva has been slighted, for you barely mentioned his name. As a rookie in 1964, Oliva led the American League in batting average (.323), runs (109), hits (217), doubles (43) and total bases (374)—the most total bases in the AL since 1956. Oliva also hit 32 homers and was a major factor in the rise of the Minnesota Twins, the 1965 AL champions.

Although some of Oliva's statistics are not as good as Lynn's, I feel that this is another case of Oliva being overlooked but not overlooked.

DAVID BOWMAN

Tucker, Ga.

Sir:

Although Joe Jackson is not in the Hall of Fame, 1911, his official rookie year he played in only 20 games in 1910 was quite memorable. In 147 games for Cleveland he had 126 runs, 233 hits, 45 doubles, 19 triples, seven home runs, 83 runs batted in and a batting average of .408.

RICHARD KELLY

Chicago

## THE JACKIE JENSEN STORY

Sir:

I thought I never would see another article on my boyhood idol, Jackie Jensen (*A Fear of Flying*, April 12). I grew up in a suburb of Boston, and to me Jackie has always epitomized what a baseball player should be: powerful, strong arm, good instincts, injury-free, fast and a giver of 110%. However, I was not aware of the internal conflicts Jackie lived with during his playing days. This revelation only magnifies the greatness of his Boston days. The Jensen story also clearly proves that happy endings are not restricted to fairy tales.

BRUCE LERNER

Denver

Sir:

I used to read *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* primarily for in-depth coverage of the big game or the big fight. During recent years, however, I have come to anticipate even more your literate and totally human approach to those athletes who enriched our American sports heritage in bygone days.

BUD FUGLIE

Plano, Texas

Sir:

Ron Fimrite's sensitive and touching biography of the introspective Jackie Jensen was fine reading. The true hero is the man

continued

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## 19TH HOLE continued

who dealt with all the downs and ups of real life and manages to land on his feet in spite of himself.

Miami

JO ANN MARCUS

## GIANT CHANGE

Sir:

I was extremely interested in Bill Leggett's story on the various announcing changes for major league baseball teams (TV RAINBOW, April 12). Here in San Francisco we have also had a change. Announcer Len Simmons has returned to do the Giants broadcast. He joins Al Michaels, which gives the Giants the best radio announcing team in the majors.

In fact, both Michaels and Simmons are so good that they are doing other play-by-play work, too, Michaels for ABC-TV and CBS-TV and Simmons for the San Francisco 49ers radio network.

I enthusiasm for the Giants and baseball has been rekindled here in the San Francisco area (*A Giant Step in the Right Direction*, April 19) and Michaels and Simmons, along with Gary Park on television, are major reasons why.

SIR: SMITH

San Francisco Giants

San Francisco

## MURDO'S DELIGHT

Sir:

Last fall in your NBA preview (Oct. 27) you said that only a "nurd" or a Cavalier fan would pick any team but the Bulls to win the Central Division. Well, the nurds of the world (not to mention all Cavalier fans) are very glad that you were wrong.

MARK BRUCE PETERIK

Euchid, Ohio

## TYPICAL REACTIONS

Sir:

My hat is off to John Underwood for his fantastic article on Missouri's Jim Kennedy (*The Student*, April 5). For too long many have thought that the life of a college athlete is nothing but fame and glory. As a former student-athlete myself (Tulane golf team 1970-74), I am glad to see someone show a college athlete as he really is—in many ways just a typical college student.

JOHN HEYMAN

New Orleans

Sir:

It was an excellent insight into the often overlooked daily life of an athlete.

TORY BLITT

Wadsworth, Ohio

Sir:

John Underwood's article was well written, but it must have been embarrassing for Jim Kennedy, the rest of the University of

Missouri basketball team, the whole University of Missouri campus and student athletes in general.

As related by Underwood, Kennedy's attitudes toward his studies, his team's racial problems and women serve only to reinforce the bad connotations of the word "jock." Why not write an article on any one of the thousands of college athletes who really are students?

PETER WEIN

Milwaukee

Sir:

Thank you for an accurate and thoroughly enjoyable article on Jim Kennedy and the University of Missouri. John Underwood could have replaced Kennedy's name with that of nearly any other male member of Missouri's 23,000 student body and the story would have been the same, since that is the way life is at Missouri. There should be no denials or apologies from anyone for being a fun-loving guy at a fun-loving university.

DAVID M. STRAUSS

Columbia, Mo.

Sir:

As a typical journalism student at the University of Missouri, I would like to respond to John Underwood's article. I have never bought clothes at Woody's, nor have any of my friends. Button-down collars and sweaters make me sweat, and plaid pants only clash with my "Dancing Queen" hat.

BRETT BRISLOW

Columbia, Mo.

## PLASTIC HOCKEY

Sir:

Your item in SCORECARD (April 12) about a plastic playing surface for hockey sickened me. Why must artificiality be allowed to infiltrate the world of sport any further? Artificial turf was bad enough for baseball and football, but now the ice is being removed from hockey. Soon it will be called plastic hockey.

The removal of ice also takes away a great deal of the risk that makes hockey the fast-moving, suspenseful game that it is. Tom Colley of the American Hockey League says that the waxlike lubricant "doesn't rut," which makes falls less likely, which in the end makes it a different game. In short, ice is the essence of hockey. Take it away and you give the game to the money-grabbers, who are the only ones who will profit by the change.

BILL WHELAN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

**"If you Space Ski Mount Asgard...  
before you hit the ground,  
hit the silk!"**



**"Those treacherous winds  
and the death-defying drop  
down the mountain's sheer  
granite face were enough  
to make me as nervous as  
a flea on a hot skillet."**

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**"P-o-o-o-off! My chute billowed  
out. And none too soon.  
Because I still had some tricky  
maneuvering to do. Those  
deadly downdrafts almost  
collapsed my chute. But  
a little body English luckily  
prevented it...and it was  
happy landings."**



**"Shan made doubly sure my  
chute was secure. And triple-  
checked my skis. Then schuss!  
From my launching pad on the  
frozen mesa, I was on the way  
to my space walk, 4000 feet  
over the Turner Glacier in the  
Canadian Arctic."**



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# TV service technicians give their opinion about Zenith:

## I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of the opinions of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was selected, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith.....	36%
Brand A.....	20%
Brand B.....	10%
Brand C.....	7%
Brand D.....	6%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	2%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	11%
Don't Know.....	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

## II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same opinion survey, the service technicians selected Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 (38% vs. 15%) over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	15%
Brand C.....	5%
Brand D.....	4%
Brand B.....	3%
Brand I.....	2%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand E.....	2%
Brand G.....	1%
Brand H.....	1%
Other Brands.....	4%
About Equal.....	14%
Don't Know.....	9%

We're proud of our record of building dependable quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

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